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FRANCE AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

IT must be one of the inconveniences of the French EMPEROR's system of working his diplomacy by pamphleteers, that he has no possible redress if one of the pamphleteers sets up on his own account. According to the old-world system of conducting diplomacy by despatches, if such a strange contingency were possible that an ambassador should forge a despatch, it would be easy to recall the offender and disavow the document. But the EMPEROR has cut himself off from that remedy. It is of no use to him to disavow his pamphleteers, if one of them has written a marplot pamphlet without authority. Nobody would give the slightest credit to the disavowal. All the world knows that that is a necessary part of the ceremony. Even if he proceeds to prohibit the obnoxious work, still he produces no effect upon the derisive scepticism of Europe. It is a matter of notoriety that poor M. ABOUT was not only disavowed, and his work prohibited, but he himself was sent to prison, for a short time, for the publication of a book which he had concocted at the EMPEROR's desire. There is no way left for him to persuade Europe of his sincerity, but to send the offending pamphleteers to the guillotine; and even then, some people would persist in believing that it was all done by a secret agreement, and that the pamphleteers had been guillotined collusively. Perhaps, therefore, it is hard to fix upon the EMPEROR, without more satisfactory proof, the responsibility for all the extraordinary nonsense that M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE has been talking in *La France*. The German papers declare that he has laid aside politics altogether at Biarritz, and is giving himself up entirely to the completion of the *Life of Cæsar*. Though this is scarcely possible, it is not incredible that the VISCOUNT has expanded somewhat too boldly his master's verbal hints, and that the precaution of sending the articles in proof to Biarritz was omitted. If such an accident did happen, the EMPEROR would know too well the futility of any number of disclaimers to be at the trouble of making them.

It is to be hoped that this is the real history of the articles in *La France*; for otherwise they bode ill to the future peace of Europe. If it be not so, we may well be on the verge of a war scarcely less destructive than that which is raging in the other hemisphere. No lasting peace is possible, if the principles preached in those articles are to shape the policy of any European Government. The particular case upon which they have arisen is trivial in comparison to the extent of the confusion they will produce. The EMPEROR has for a long time refused to allow the Roman people and the Roman Government to settle their little difficulties among themselves, according to the manner of governments and peoples who are discontented with each other; but he has hitherto based his refusal upon the semi-religious grounds which are contained in his recently published letter to M. THOUVENEL. The reasoning has been flimsy enough, but it has had no general application beyond the particular case it was meant to serve. It was a grievous wrong to the Romans to hinder them from mending their Government on account of the religious feelings of the Parisians and Lyonsese; but the case of Rome is absolutely singular, and therefore the principle laid down can extend no farther. But in the manifestoes of *La France* a wholly new position is taken up. Rome is to be retained, on the ground that, if France were to relax her grasp, the Romans would probably hand over the government to the Italians, and that a strong Italian Kingdom would be the result. It is natural to inquire what concern the EMPEROR has with the disposition which the Romans choose to make of their own territory. The reply of M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE is that France has a vested interest in the weakness of all her neighbours. She cannot feel secure or great unless she is surrounded by an admiring ring of petty principalities. In what capacity they are necessary to her

political comfort is not very clearly brought out. It may be as claqueurs, ready to applaud every new development of Imperial policy, and to represent the voice of Europe on occasion. Or it may be as ready-prepared morsels, lying convenient for rapid deglutition, whenever a momentary confusion in Europe allows France to satisfy her appetite undisturbed. Or it may be that they are merely intended to be feather-beds or buffers between France and her distant rivals—campaigning-ground upon which she can conveniently fight her battles without needlessly devastating her own fields. Undoubtedly, there would be many advantages in being the only strong Power among a crowd of weak ones. It certainly is an odd definition of the balance of power, for it is to be a balance in which all the weight is in one scale. And it can only be contentedly accepted by the nations who are to be the materials for carrying the policy out, when they have been first convinced of the primary truth that the final cause of the existence of the human race is the dominion and glory of France. But, to the mind of M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE, this principle, no doubt, is axiomatic.

The EMPEROR has brought the fertility of an inventive genius to most of the questions with which he has had to deal. But his most original efforts have been displayed upon the field of International Law. It is instructive to observe what a store of expedients he has laid up for enlarging, whenever opportunity offers, the territories of France. First in order comes the doctrine of nationalities, which he undoubtedly did not invent, but to which he gave, what it had never possessed before, the sanction of an actually existing Government. Then came the doctrine of geographical frontiers. And now, lastly, comes the doctrine of France's vested interest in her neighbours' weaknesses. The advantage of this choice of weapons is, that it enables him to deal with all the various exigencies of annexation just as they may arise. Take, for instance, the case of the Eastern frontier. The districts which invite his annexation upon that frontier may be divided into three sections, each of which would require a special treatment. Supposing that the opportunity arose for making an annexation, the Transrhene territories of Bavaria and Prussia would probably be the first to engage his attention. Their case is very clear. It is a question of rectification—the restoration of a geographical frontier. Providence has destined the Rhine to be the natural boundary of France, and the EMPEROR is much too good a Catholic to resist the decrees of Providence. Belgium would probably be the next prize; but in securing it some caution might be requisite. An immediate extension of the French frontier to Antwerp or Rotterdam would be more than could be safely attempted, even under the most favourable circumstances. But the doctrine of nationality, joined to a judicious use of universal suffrage, might justify the "reunion" with France of the Walloon and French populations of Liège and the Ardennes. The junction of all the members of the Latin race in one great confederacy has long been an object dear to the EMPEROR's heart. There would still remain the frontier of the Upper Rhine to be extended. What theory could possibly be invoked for the purpose of seizing such points as Kehl and Bâle, upon which France has long cast the eye of desire? For such a purpose it might be difficult to appeal either to the Latin race or geographical frontiers; but the newest of the series—the doctrine of a vested interest in a neighbour's weakness—would be admirably opportune. It must be understood that this is not an inalienable, inconvertible interest. It would be a slander to say that the EMPEROR inexorably insists that his neighbours shall be feeble. He is willing to listen to reason. He will allow them to be strong—for a consideration. He prefers that they should gain their strength by advancing upon their neighbours on the opposite side. If VICTOR EMMANUEL, for instance, desires an extension of frontier, it would be better for him to cross the Mincio. But, if the compensation be

handsome, the EMPEROR will even consent to his neighbours' gaining strength by internal union, and will renounce his undoubted right to their divisions. For the sake of such a place as Genoa, for instance, he would forego his just claims to a disunited Italy; and if some reimbursement of equal value could be found for him on the frontier of the Rhine, he would magnanimously abandon his right to a comminuted Germany.

It is a pity that so fruitful a principle cannot be extended a little farther. If he has a right to require a cession of territory as the price of internal consolidation, surely he would have a claim to some smaller indemnification for reforms of a less important character. Supposing the Austrians were lucky enough to get rid of FRANCIS JOSEPH, the achievement would clearly be an increase in national strength important enough to authorize the EMPEROR of the FRENCH to demand a considerable recompense. It would sometimes be difficult to appraise the exact territorial value of a beneficial change, and consequently to fix on the extent of transfer which would be necessary to maintain the European equilibrium, and ensure the safety of France. If we, for instance, were to escape from Sir CHARLES WOOD and Sir ROBERT PEEL, what indemnity would NAPOLEON have a right to exact? Would one of the small Hebrides be sufficient? Or would not two of the Scilly Islands be a more suitable compensation? The only thing to be regretted is, that this great principle was not more thoroughly appreciated at an earlier period in European history. If it had been well understood, for instance, in 1815, by the German Powers who were then victorious, what a harvest of beneficial arrangements might it have borne. If France has a vested interest in Italy's disunion, it is clear that Germany would, in 1815, have had a similar right to the disintegration of France. It is a thousand pities that the diplomatists of that day were not better acquainted with the fundamental principles of international law. How much treasure, wasted in needless armaments, would have been spared to Europe, if France had been reconstructed on the Federative principle, with the Archbishop of PARIS at the head of the Confederation!

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

THE Federals, after their defeat, judged correctly that Washington was in no danger of an immediate attack. Even if the fortifications had been less considerable, a large army was collected on both sides of the Potomac, and the generals who had been out-maneuvred in the field would have an easier task in defending a strong position. The capital can only be endangered by operations in the rear, which, if they are successful, may perhaps render it untenable. General LEE accordingly lost no time in crossing the river to the north-west of Washington, and M'CLELLAN, who has suffered less in reputation than his competitors, has already taken the field to meet him. If the Southern troops succeed in intercepting the railway communication with Baltimore and with Pennsylvania, it may become difficult to supply the main army at Washington with provisions, stores, and reinforcements. At the same time, it must be admitted that the present enterprise of the Confederates is by far the most difficult and hazardous which they have hitherto attempted. By moving in force beyond the frontier of Virginia, they for the first time give the Federal generals the advantage of a central position. If General LEE were in possession of Baltimore, General HALLECK would lie between his headquarters and Richmond, with the additional advantage of operating at pleasure on the flank of his communications. If the Confederates direct their march across Pennsylvanian territory, towards the left bank of the Ohio, they will be justly regarded as invaders; and they will incur general odium if they imitate the example which PÖRR set, during his brief career, at the expense of the inhabitants of Virginia. In Maryland, the Southern forces would be welcomed as liberators, if any security could be given against the re-establishment of Federal rule; but at present it seems unlikely that the Confederacy will acquire the Delaware, or even Chesapeake Bay, as its permanent frontier. It is certain that their prudent and far-sighted rulers will abstain from any attempt to occupy any part of the Free States, except for temporary and military purposes. They have nearly won Kentucky, and they would willingly include Maryland within their borders; but grave political difficulties arise as soon as their claims extend beyond the Potomac.

The local situation of Washington, and of the district of Columbia, though it is not the cause of the war, interposes formidable obstacles in the way of a satisfactory compromise.

The North will never willingly surrender the capital of the Union, although it stands far within the Slave States at the southern extremity of Maryland. Whatever may be the result of the war, Washington and Baltimore must necessarily belong to the same power; for, without the possession of Maryland, a Federal Congress at Washington would be at the mercy of the South. It would probably be more convenient for the Northern States to remove the seat of their Government and Legislature to some safer and more central point of their dominions, but a nation is not to be blamed for regarding the defence of even an ill-chosen capital as an indispensable point of honour. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS is perhaps, on his own grounds, not mistaken in cherishing or professing a hope that the Confederates may capture Washington, with or without the PRESIDENT and his Cabinet. Such a blow would arouse the North to a desperate struggle, and it would, for the time, reunite the factions which are now throwing on one another the responsibility of previous failures. It is, perhaps, scarcely a disadvantage to the North that it has a post to maintain which lies naturally within the enemy's lines. When the knight in the legend threw the heart of his dead sovereign into the ranks of the Saracens, he forced his companions and himself to cut their way to it through overwhelming numbers. A mediator would find an insuperable difficulty in adjusting the incompatible claims of the belligerents. Maryland ought to belong to the Confederates if they can conquer it, and Washington is of no material use to the United States; but it would be impossible to ask the Northern Federation to surrender its capital to a triumphant enemy. The people of Maryland must be fully aware of the political reasons which render it probable that they must ultimately fall under Northern rule, and the prospect of a change will perhaps restrain them from gratifying their own inclinations by giving active assistance to the Confederates. Nevertheless, it is possible that resentment for the insolent tyranny of the last twelve months may prevail over considerations of timidity or prudence. The South seems to have friends everywhere except in New England, while the North is, to say the least, by no means popular beyond its own proper territory.

It would be idle to speculate on the result of the military operations which are impending. The Confederate Generals are more skilful and more daring than their opponents, and their troops have shown a superiority in the field which has no parallel since the French victories of 1794. Yet it is always possible that the fortune of war may change, and triumphant armies, in the long run, teach their enemies to beat them. M'CLELLAN is no longer working at the short end of the lever, for his military position, as he advances into Maryland, is highly advantageous. The soldiers of the great army at Washington, not excepting the officers, must, in a laborious and bloody campaign, have begun to learn their business. The North has still vast resources at its disposal, and General HALLECK may be supposed to have selected the best troops for operations in the field. The Federal Government had raised 700,000 men before the recent call for volunteers; and it is scarcely possible that 200,000 can have been expended in seven or eight months. The number employed in the West and in the South may possibly amount to 250,000, and there ought, therefore, to be not less than a quarter of a million of comparative veterans within reach of the Commander-in-Chief. The recruits of the recent levies will soon become available to fill up vacancies in the ranks, although it would be rash to bring raw levies into the presence of the dreaded Southern army. To foreign observers the forward movement of the Confederates would seem to be singularly perilous, if there were not just reason for assuming that their leaders are cautious as well as bold. M'CLELLAN has every motive which can influence a general for redeeming the reputation which he compromised in the Virginian peninsula. After repeated disappointments, his countrymen would receive with enthusiasm the account of a victory; and they may be excused if they are intolerant of commanders who are uniformly defeated.

The American character, with all its defects, is not ill-suited to bear a reverse. It must be said, to the credit of the most boastful population on the face of the earth, they are not easily discouraged, or even induced to lower their tone, by the most mortifying disasters. They have also the reasonable consolation of believing that their misfortunes are fully capable of explanation through the incapacity of the generals and statesmen whom it has been their pleasure to place at their head. They are almost proud of JACKSON, as of one who was once their countryman, and they at last appreciate justly the intel-

lectual level of his opponents. According to General POPE's official report, his defeat was attributable to the gross misconduct of General PORTER, and to the slackness of M'CLELLAN. The opinion of the Government on the whole matter is expressed in the relegation of POPE himself to an obscure command in Minnesota, and in the dismissal of M'DOWELL, whom he had carefully selected for exceptional commendation. The PRESIDENT has probably exercised a sound discretion in once more employing M'CLELLAN, who has, notwithstanding his failures in the field, known how to conciliate the affections of his troops. As M'CLELLAN was virtually superseded after the first reception of General POPE's despatches, his reinstatement shows that the Government is satisfied of the falsehood of the report. The Parolles, or Bobadil of the army will now enjoy the opportunity of exchanging defiance with the troublesome Indian chiefs on the North-west frontier. M'CLELLAN is not likely to resort to vapoury language until he has done something to restore the fortunes of the Republic. Until the struggle in Maryland is decided, the political conflict which is preparing in the North will probably be suspended. The Federals have never yet been thoroughly in earnest, and it is not unlikely that they will display higher qualities under the pressure of disgrace and danger. When they think it desirable to correct their own weaknesses, they must, in the first place, discontinue the habit of prostrating themselves before the insignificant and unseemly idols of the moment. Having found out POPE, who was at least a professional soldier, they will be unwise in setting up CORCORAN as a hero, simply because he insulted the Prince of WALES, and because he was afterwards taken prisoner at the first battle of Bull's Run. Among twenty millions of a most intelligent population there must be some men of ability, if they were only allowed to show themselves. Enthusiastic devotion to mediocrity is not the way to achieve national pre-eminence.

PRUSSIA.

THERE is no lane that has no turning, and there is no Parliamentary crisis, even in Prussia, that does not at last find some solution. The Prussians, after their fashion, have had a great Parliamentary struggle; and, after their fashion, they have kept it up for above a couple of months. At last, something has been achieved. The Minister who has been fighting the Lower Chamber has declared himself beaten, and has resigned. It is said that the KING is as firm, to use the epithet of his friends, as ever; and that the successor of M. VON DER HEYDT will be as reactionary, as disagreeable, and as pigheaded as he was. But that does not do away with the victory of the Commons. They quarrelled with a Minister whom the KING supported. The Minister would make no concessions. He simply relied on being Minister, and on the inability of the Commons to expel him. They, on their side, relied on their power of not voting the supplies, so long as he was Minister. It was, of course, more than a personal question. Virtually, the issue was whether the army should continue to be a force independent of the nation, and remain in the hands of the Sovereign as a ready instrument by which, whenever he pleased, he could coerce the growing liberty of the nation. The KING, it is well known, loves the army, and, still more, his power over the army; and much of that extravagance in the assumption of divine and indefeasible right which seems so fantastic a claim in a new, Protestant, and constitutional dynasty, is merely the expression of the pleasure and confidence which the control of the army inspires in the bosom of the monarch. If a man of about the level, in ability and character, of an ordinary English Major-General could feel persuaded that an immense body of troops belonged absolutely to him, he might soon come to think Heaven must have meant him to dispose of the lives and fortunes of all the civilians of his acquaintance. The King of PRUSSIA has this feeling, but he is a kindly well-meaning old man, and he wishes to keep his royal word, and not to break the Constitution he has sworn to defend. What he wanted, therefore, was a Minister who would enable him at once to keep the army entirely his own, and also to remain within the letter of the Constitution. M. VON DER HEYDT offered to supply the required article. He asked for a Military Budget shaped so as to give the army all the strength the KING desired, and he proposed to carry it through a dissentient Chamber by sheer force of obstinacy. If this Chamber would not vote it, another would, and the friends of the Ministry have proposed to go on dissolving until the KING got what he wanted. That, in the present temper of Prussia, this would lead to an open quarrel between the KING and the nation was immaterial in their

eyes, because the end of the struggle, in that case, would be a *coup d'état*—the very best thing, in their opinion, that could possibly happen. The tenure of office by M. VON DER HEYDT was, therefore, the ground on which a great constitutional battle was fought. It became evident that, as the Chamber would not yield, and as the Chamber had the hearty support of the nation, the victory of M. VON DER HEYDT must necessarily, in the long run, bring the KING into collision with his people. Would the KING, seeing this as plainly as every one in Prussia must see it, give way, or would he support his Minister at all hazards? The Chamber has triumphed. The KING has given way, and M. VON DER HEYDT is no longer Minister. It is very probable that those who are defeated may make every effort to cover their humiliation, and may strive very hard to let the party of reaction lose nothing by the change. Still the new Minister, whoever he may be, will enter office with a knowledge that, if he pushes the Chamber too hard, they will force him to retire. It is wonderful how effectual a little remembrance of this sort is in making a Minister conciliatory. An old Scotch laird once said, that however unjustifiable the execution of CHARLES I. might have been, he yet thought it useful, because it "gar'd kings ken they'd a lith in their necks." The new Minister of Finance will be all the better for knowing that Constitutional Ministers have "liths" in the necks of their official existence.

At first it might seem as if the Prussian Chamber had chosen rather an unfortunate ground on which to fight the battle of the Constitution. The great point of dispute is whether the army shall be increased, or at least maintained at a point above the ordinary peace footing; and, secondly, whether the term of military service should be reduced. The Liberal party in Prussia is in favour of a reduction of the army, and of the shortening of the term of military service. It must be owned that both these changes would lessen the power of Prussia as a military nation. The example of France might read Prussians a cheap lesson as to the inexpediency of relying on soldiers whose enlistment has been recent, and is only to endure for a short time. The Crimean war taught the EMPEROR that, if France was to hold her place in Europe, she must have more trained soldiers. Every possible effort has since been made to render the profession of arms one to which the soldier is bound for life. Honours, pensions, comforts, and official applause of every kind are showered on the picked men, who, after the time of compulsory service is over, will continue their service under a voluntary engagement. If the army of Prussia is to be of any use, it ought to be ready to fight France. It is not, indeed, to be expected that Prussia alone should stand the whole power of France, but Prussia should be prepared to lead Germany into the field against France if occasion arose. Now it is the universal opinion of professional judges that the Prussian army is not fit to go into the field against French troops. The great review held on the banks of the Rhine made this clear to every one, and to no one more than to the KING himself. The KING is, therefore, warranted in using strenuous endeavours to get a more efficient army, while the inferiority of the Prussian army would be most seriously increased if it were composed to a greater degree than now of a succession of raw recruits. It is no reflection on the bravery or patriotism of Prussian troops to say that their regiments, if consisting largely of such material, would not have a fair chance against the seasoned, disciplined, picked body of men whom LOUIS NAPOLEON could send into the field. The Prussian Liberals do, therefore, expose their country to some danger by the course they are taking. They may be reasonably accused of inclining to the absurd economy which prefers to pay ninety pounds for a soldier who will be beaten, rather than a hundred for one who will win. But their defence is that they must run a danger of some kind, and that the danger of weakening the army in presence of France, for the moment, appears to them the least. An increased army, officered by the minor nobility, who are as domineering and reactionary as the minor nobility of the Continent usually are, and placed at the absolute control of the Crown, is, they consider, incompatible with political liberty. They must connect the army with the nation, or the nation will be overpowered by the army, and Prussia will sink into a feeble priggish despotism. They also look beyond their own borders; they hope that the army of Prussia will one day be the army of Northern Germany, and this can only be accomplished by a strong popular movement. If the army is delivered over entirely to those who hate strong popular movements, this will be rendered impossible; nor are the Germans of other States likely to be attracted to a country where civilians are treated as the dust of the earth. The true

policy for Germany and Prussia, they urge, is not to rely on little trumpery improvements in needle-rifles or accoutrements — not to have a few more thousands of moderately-efficient troops, acting like machines — but to awake a patriotic spirit, and make the nation take to arms; and the beginning of this is to render service in the Prussian army as simple and popular as possible.

The resignation of M. VON DER HEYDT may have important consequences throughout Germany. It is known that the Ministerial crisis at Berlin has been anxiously watched at Vienna; and there seems to be a general persuasion there that if the Prussian Commons triumph, and Prussia thus receives a strong Liberal impulse, Austria cannot remain much in arrear, and there must be some change there too. Things have not been going very smoothly lately at Vienna. The deficit remains obstinately what Austrian deficits always are, and no signs of even possible national solvency appear. The deficit for the year ending March, 1862, is calculated at about five millions of English money. The Chamber does not like this; and, although composed principally of very good friends to Austria, it can scarcely be got to pass the accounts and vote the credits submitted to it. Meanwhile, many of the Southern Germans, with the connivance probably of the Vienna Cabinet, are striving to turn away their countrymen from Parliamentary struggles which they think must be barren because they are local, and to concentrate their strength for the erection of a national Parliament at Frankfort. If there is ever to be such a thing as German unity, or if some new popular form of German union is to be tried, Austria may think it desirable that some of the preparations for it should be made by Southern Germany, and that the whole profit of the movement should not be left to Prussia. It is not impossible that, within a time tolerably near, we may see the standing rivalry of Austria and Prussia take a new direction, and that they may enter on a contest for the leadership of Germany in a national Parliament. Prussia will have no inconsiderable start in the race if the victory in the present constitutional combat rests with the Liberals, and they thus win the sympathy and support of those who in neighbouring States are striving to make Germany a nation, and not a mere bunch of crowned heads.

ITALY.

THERE seems to be no doubt that the division of Italy into three secondary States is one among the various projects which are at different times favoured by the Emperor NAPOLEON. The Monarchy as it exists will be supported if it can maintain itself, and, in the improbable contingency of a successful reaction, the return of the Princes of Central Italy might be welcomed as a tardy tribute to the profound foresight which dictated the Convention of Villafranca. The great speculator has not publicly declared to win on any single entry, and he understands the convenience of providing the ultimate favourite with one or two stable companions. Any result which may occur will bring with it some advantage or compensation. The EMPEROR will earn the gratitude of Italy, or conciliate the prejudices of France, or, according to circumstances, he will be the champion of national rights or the suppressor of revolution. A simpler and more generous policy would, perhaps, be more truly sagacious; but it will be the fault of Italian statesmen if they fail to profit by the vacillation and selfishness of their formidable patron. The rise of Italy into a great Power is distasteful to French politicians; but if it is successfully completed, every French writer of the next century will complacently assume for his country the merit of having created a Latin nation. The proposed Federation of three Italian States is too chimerical to be realized, although it is, perhaps, at present seriously contemplated by the Imperial projector. A league of VICTOR EMMANUEL with the POPE at Rome, and with a BOURBON or a BONAPARTE at Naples, is too absurd when it is offered as a substitute for a single monarchy. As a menace, the plan may be serviceable in reminding malcontents and lukewarm patriots that the unity of the nation, even in its imperfect state, is not yet secure against foreign interference; and if a wholesome irritation loosens the bonds of fear and dependence which connect Italy with France, the cause of freedom and unity will be furthered by an additional inducement to spontaneous action. The Government of Turin has judiciously made M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE's impudent pamphlet the text for a mild protest against the perpetual exercise of French dictation. The declaration in the official *Gazette* can scarcely give offence to the most susceptible ally, nor can a Minister do less than object to a scheme for splitting the State which he administers into three; yet, as

the acknowledged nominee of France, RATAZZI is thought to have displayed a creditable spirit in publicly repudiating the project of partition, and in assuming that Italy must continue to exist. The letter addressed by the EMPEROR to M. THOUVENEL is quite in accordance with the main suggestions of M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE. At the same time, its publication at this particular moment in the *Moniteur* probably arises from a wish, on the part of the EMPEROR, to show that he is not playing entirely into the hands of the POPE. It is true that he accuses not only the POPE, but the Italians, of nourishing impracticable desires and foolish hatreds; but the Italians lose nothing by a vague censure of this sort, while the POPE loses considerably by having it solemnly placed on record, as the expression of the EMPEROR's deliberate opinion, that the Papal Government "condemns a portion of Italy to eternal stagnation and oppression."

It has been said, with characteristic inaccuracy, that England was Austrian before Villafranca, and Garibaldian after it. Nothing can be more untrue than the assertion that those who represent English opinion have supported either Austrian interests in Italy or revolutionary projects which may have been associated with the name of GARIBALDI. The most unanimous public opinion of modern times has steadily approved the growth of the Italian Monarchy, and defended the unity which it represents against every opponent from within or from without. Curious foreigners may, in general, take it for granted that the wishes of England are directly opposed to the policy which, at any given time, is recommended in Mr. DISRAELI's speeches. The disruption of Italy, and the maintenance of the POPE's temporal power against the wish of his countrymen, are in themselves repugnant to English feeling; and they become doubly odious when they are advocated as modes of deference to the political supremacy of France. It is now certain that the tripartite federation was suggested to Mr. DISRAELI and to M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE from the same august and mysterious quarter. If the scheme, however preposterous, were acceptable to the Italians themselves, England could only acquiesce in silent disappointment; and it is satisfactory to find that no party in Italy gives the slightest countenance to the proposal. Good will to Italy implies no unfriendly feeling to any other nation, unless the French adopt the theory of the Imperialist pamphleteer, that they are themselves the natural enemies of Europe and of mankind. If no addition to the strength or prosperity of surrounding nations is to be allowed without compensation to France, resistance to professedly unprincipled rapacity becomes a general duty. As long, however, as the pretension is confined to rhetorical phrases, there is no reason to resent innocuous discharges of pent-up vanity. It is probable that the unity both of Germany and of Italy may be effectually promoted by the candid avowal of French designs on the independence of both countries. An imperfectly developed individuality becomes more definite and self-conscious through the necessity of repelling the aggressive action of foreign substances.

General DURANDO's circular is more significant than the protest in the official *Gazette*, inasmuch as it recurs once more to the serious menace which was formerly held out by RICASOLI. Italy cannot at present take Rome from the French, but if the obstinacy of the Holy See is carried too far, the POPE may find himself powerless and isolated in the midst of a free population. The shameless and mendacious organs of the Ultramontane faction are already inventing supposed facts which symbolize the future possibility of an Italian schism. An ecclesiastical writer, with a hateful malignity beyond the reach of the worst of laymen, rejoices in the death and assumed perdition of a prelate who was, according to his false statement, to become the founder of the national Church. The KING was, it is said, about to appoint Monsignore SAPUTA to the See of Turin, and the new Archbishop was to consecrate Father PASSAGLIA as Archbishop of Milan. If Italy were prepared to follow VICTOR EMMANUEL, as England concurred in the reforms of HENRY VIII., a national secession would be the most effectual mode of meeting the rancorous animosity of the Holy See to Italy. But at present the lower classes and the inferior clergy are not prepared for a formal separation; and no misfortune is more to be deprecated than a schism which might divide the nation into two political factions, corresponding with the hostile Churches. The English Reformation was beneficial and permanent, because the nation had prepared itself by a dislike to Rome which had been cherished for many generations. With the exception of an insignificant minority, the nation threw off the control of the POPE, without materially altering its own ecclesiastical constitution; and if HENRY VIII. had taken the trouble to win over the Irish chiefs, who would have been

readily followed by their barbarous countrymen, his secession from Rome would have been as completely successful as it was, on the whole, fortunate and advantageous. The Italian Government would prefer the continuance of orthodox conformity; but for purposes of negotiation, and, in extremity, as an ultimate resort, it is prudent to keep in view the possibility of separation. If a temperate statesman should by some strange accident succeed to the Papal chair, he might probably think that the spiritual allegiance of Italy was worth a political and territorial compromise.

General DURANDO's reference to GARIBALDI's enterprise defines, with an accuracy unusual in diplomatic documents, the precise feeling of Italy with reference to Rome. It was an effort and a sacrifice to treat as a criminal the most conspicuous representative of a claim which the Government and the nation earnestly and unanimously prefer. It may be hoped that the recognition of GARIBALDI's patriotic motives implies a decision against the useless trial which would only add to the existing complications. An amnesty has seldom been recommended by equally strong considerations of expediency and of justice. The former triumph of extra-legal heroism may fairly be set off against the error of heroic lawlessness. There is no risk of a dangerous precedent, for the misapprehensions which rendered the late expedition possible are effectually dissipated, and there is little reason to fear or to hope that any Government will be embarrassed by another GARIBALDI. The POPE and the enemies of Italy wished well to the insurrection, and they would rejoice to see an irreparable breach between the KING and the revolutionary leader. It will be well to repeat the disappointment which they have already experienced, especially when a reconciliation with GARIBALDI may serve as a practical answer to the French projects of partition. If there had been any actual attempt to restore Umbria to the POPE, or to set up a MURAT pretender at Naples, GARIBALDI would not have been disavowed by the Government when he summoned the nation to arms. In the presence of jealous and overbearing neighbours, Italy cannot afford to part with any available weapon of defence; and in a just cause, GARIBALDI, though he has forfeited some of the elements of influence, might still be a useful servant to his country. It is for more statesmanlike minds to combine, after the great example of CAVOUR, constitutional freedom with national independence. Rome itself would be a poor equivalent for the Parliamentary system which distinguishes Italy from nearly all Continental nations.

MR. LAING ON INDIAN GOVERNMENT.

THE speech which Mr. LAING made last week at Manchester is likely to prove a useful one, and to direct public attention to the real point of supreme importance in determining our relations with India. His observations on the growth of cotton in that country may be serviceable to millowners in the North, and may afford them a final reason for declining to enter on speculations from which they were previously averse. It must, also, have been cheering to a Manchester audience to hear that within a few years the natives of India may be reasonably expected to import fifty millions' worth of cotton goods. But Mr. LAING explained that the realization of this brilliant dream depended on the right method of governing India being adopted. He is of opinion, and every one who knows anything of the subject is of opinion also, that the one question, before which all others sink into nothing, is how India is to be governed. Mr. LAING drew a very intelligible picture of the system of government which he wishes to see set up, and he was unsparing in his denunciations of the system which now exists. He is a man of sufficient ability to be able to say boldly and clearly what he means; and, as his name is known in England, he is better able to secure a hearing for opinions which are entertained by a large class of persons in India, than any one could be who had merely the local notoriety of a Calcutta reputation. He is, also, smarting under the sense of what he conceives to be a recent injury. He has been quarrelling with Sir CHARLES WOOD; and he is, therefore, impelled by private pique, as well as by a theory of public policy, to hit his opponents as hard as he can, and to state his case as favourably to his friends, and as unfavourably to his enemies, as the ingenuity of a slighted politician can devise. It is desirable that the change in our system of Indian Government which he and many other Europeans in India really desire, should be stated once for all in this broad and uncompromising way.

It is evident that what Mr. LAING wants is a GOVERNOR-GENERAL who shall reign supreme in India, uncontrolled by

any authorities at home. Mr. LAING is full of a playful bitterness against the Government that sits in the recesses of Westminster, and he exclaims that for Indians to be governed by a board of fifteen men on the other side of the globe is more than flesh and blood can bear. The GOVERNOR-GENERAL must be the one final absolute authority. When a "beloved and paternal GOVERNOR-GENERAL like Lord CANNING" enacts that waste lands shall be sold in a particular way, there must be no scrutinizing of his beneficent edicts by a set of busybodies in England, who interfere simply in order that they may seem to do something for their money. The Council in England consists, according to Mr. LAING, of worn-out obstructive old Indians, the sworn foes of every kind of progress; and any one will do for an Indian SECRETARY who can make a plausible statement in the House of Commons. These are not the people to control a GOVERNOR-GENERAL full of ambition to do good, and urged forward in every wise purpose by the English in India. But there is something by which the despotism of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL is to be tempered. In India there is a free press, and a very free spirit in the press, and there is no restriction on petitions or public meetings. Further, it is very easy for any aggrieved Indian to come home and to harangue as large bodies of sympathizing Englishmen as he can get to listen to him. The English in India—all, that is, who are not bound by the ties of office, and are at liberty to say and write what they please—may therefore hope to exercise an overpowering influence over the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. They can make or mar his reputation. They can revile and disparage and decry him if he opposes their wishes; they can laud him to the skies as a heaven-born genius and the wisest and noblest of men if he will but let them do as they want. They can, in fact, treat him as they treated Lord CANNING, who was probably more undeservedly abused and praised than any other man of his time. In his early days no epithets were too bad for him; but in the latter years of his power he adopted a few measures which were highly popular with the non-official clique in India, and accordingly they now not only hold him up as a model of a ruler, but they use his history as an argument for making the GOVERNOR-GENERAL supreme.

It is true that Mr. LAING nominally acquiesces in the necessity of there being some controlling power in the English Government. He hardly likes to come to England and propose that the English Parliament should wholly abdicate its authority over India, and that the Cabinet should have no more responsibility for its government than it has for the municipal administration of an English borough. He is quite content that there should be a Secretary for India, provided he does nothing; and he might even approve of an Indian Council, if its members rigidly abstained from ever passing an opinion or making a suggestion. He is of opinion that the Home Government should never venture to meddle with details; and he gives some instances of details with which it has foolishly and unadvisedly interfered. It has lately set itself in open opposition to a beloved and paternal GOVERNOR-GENERAL on the following points:—The Indian Government proposed to enact a contract law, by which natives who would not grow crops according to their engagements should fall within the scope of the criminal law, and be treated as malefactors. The busybodies in the recesses of Westminster fancied that this change of detail was equivalent to subjecting the natives to modified slavery, and Sir CHARLES WOOD declined to sanction the degradation of the conquered races. Then, again, a native prince made a claim under a treaty by which the QUEEN was bound. The Home Government thought the claim justified by the terms of the treaty, and, in spite of great financial pressure, ordered the money demanded to be paid. Lastly, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL was asked to procure information as to the mode in which waste land could best be disposed of in India, and as to the advisability of capitalizing the land revenue. LORD CANNING, however, took it into his head to disobey the explicit directions sent him; and instead of referring the matter home, he issued an edict by which he settled these points as he thought fit. The Home Government disagreed with him. They thought that he was wrong, and they partially reversed his decision. These are what Mr. LAING calls "details." The Home Government is to sit in the recesses of Westminster, and to express its Olympian opinion when great matters are at issue; but it is not to trouble itself with such trifling questions as the enslaving of a whole population, the construction of imperial treaties, the disposal of all the waste lands of the peninsula, and the adjustment of the one great source of Indian revenue. A Council that thought these things too small for it, and waited

till larger matters justified its intervention, would certainly earn its salary with wonderful ease.

The GOVERNOR-GENERAL will, except in very rare instances, have perfect power to do as he pleases in the administration of the recognised duties of his office. He is unfettered in his patronage; his suggestions will be always listened to with the greatest deference; he has an ample scope for all his powers as a statesman; his rank and his connexion with official circles at home will ensure him a warm support, provided he keeps within the bounds of his authority, and a generous indulgence if he makes a mistake. But in the greater questions of Indian government, he must receive some guidance. He is sure to receive it indirectly, if he does not receive it through a direct and authorized channel. The real power of deciding questions of such vast importance as are involved in changes affecting the religion, the revenue, and the law of India, must rest with those who control the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. The system which Mr. LAING advocates places the ultimate control in the English non-official community of India, the planters, and the missionaries, and the journalists—the people who, as a GOVERNOR-GENERAL pleases them or offends them, make him the idol of their ignorant praise, or the victim of their ignorant abuse. The system which Mr. LAING attacks protects the GOVERNOR-GENERAL from local pressure, and refers the decision of the larger questions of Indian policy to a Cabinet Minister who is amenable to the influences of English morality and philanthropy, who is far enough off to wish to do equal justice, who knows by experience the perils of rash and hasty decisions, and who is guided by the opinions of colleagues accustomed to great questions, as well as by the judgment of that portion of the educated public of England whose attention has been turned by inclination or necessity to Indian affairs. He is also, assisted by a Council which cannot control him, but which can give him the invaluable advice suggested by a long practical acquaintance with India. One of the most curious delusions inspired by the shock of the Indian mutiny has been the popular belief that it is absolutely a disqualification for a statesman taking part in Indian Government to know practically what India and the natives of India are like. A wholesome and total ignorance of everything Indian is thought the best key to dealing properly with India. This cannot last. It is one thing to let old Indians be supreme, and another to throw away the great assistance they can give. Justice will, in time, be rendered to the present system of Indian Government, as the proper position of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL becomes fixed by custom, as such blots on the system as the sham Parliaments of the Presidencies are cleared away, and as the absurd and terrible consequences of having India governed by an irresponsible nobleman, under the pressure of local clamour, become gradually more fully realized.

LORD LLANOVER AGAIN.

LORD LLANOVER has written a lofty letter to the *Times* to repudiate all intention of degrading himself by replying to anonymous writers, and, incidentally, to furnish an irrelevant answer to an immaterial part of the charge which he disdains from the height of his three-year-old barony. The question of Mr. HERBERT's surname is certainly not of the highest importance, but, according to old schoolbooks, one of the Seven Sages succeeded in a competitive examination of wise sayings by defining good government as a readiness in the whole community to resent the smallest wrong offered to the meanest citizen. Englishmen have an instinctive jealousy of official oppression, even though it may only affect the most trivial relations of life, and it matters little whether their attention is called to the freaks of a little local despot on sworn affidavits or in newspaper paragraphs and articles. If there is any dispute about the facts involved in the Monmouthshire controversy, Lord LLANOVER has a perfect right to stake his own assertion against the statements of writers who, by withholding their names, disclaim all personal knowledge of the misconduct which they denounce. As it happens, however, that the vexatious proceedings of Lord LLANOVER consist of correspondence which is already published, it is wholly unimportant whether a proof that he has mistaken the law, and abused the powers of his office, is or is not authenticated by a personal signature. When Mr. HALL was, as a zealous Radical, working his way to a baronetcy, and when Sir BENJAMIN HALL, at the weekly meetings of the Marylebone Vestry, kept his future peerage in view, it is probable that the present Lord-Lieutenant of Monmouthshire may have more than once professed his admiration for the liberty of the Press. Now the Press in England means an anonymous Press; and a

denunciation of newspapers without names is as unnecessary as if it were directed against newspapers which are printed in black and white. The liberty of the Press is perfectly useless if journalists are never to expose misconduct, or even to insist on the strict observance of the law. Its influence, fortunately, depends not on the interested opinion of second-rate politicians or administrators, but on the ability and discretion of its comments on public affairs. If the intelligent classes arrive at the unanimous conviction that Lord LLANOVER has made a discreditable blunder, the object of his critics will have been obtained, in the form of a practical security against the repetition of his impertinent interference with a private family.

It happens that there is in Monmouthshire itself a kind of *Eatanswill Gazette*, which has devoted itself to the aid of Lord LLANOVER in his feud with Mr. HERBERT of Clytha. By a singular coincidence, the anonymous writer has used the same arguments and phrases with which the Lord-Lieutenant has taken pains to decorate his official correspondence. In the country, a blameable curiosity sometimes penetrates the veil of journalism, and the anti-LLANOVER party have, perhaps hastily, arrived at the conclusion that the indignant vindicator of an imaginary prerogative in the columns of the local paper is no other than the illustrious champion of orthodox nomenclature who reigns over the Commission of the Peace and the militia. The suspicion is probably unjust, as the office of the *Monmouth Martinet* is not identical with that House of Lords in which alone a new-made Peer can answer the challenge of his equals. In his letter to the *Times*, Lord LLANOVER, with the tact of a practised newspaper correspondent, has replied to the only part of the accusation which admitted of an answer. He declares that he cannot have prevented Mr. HERBERT from acting as a magistrate, because Mr. JONES never qualified. If it had been possible to show that he had not inflicted on his local enemy all the annoyance in his power, he would not have confined himself to a statement that he has not done what it was evidently not in his power to do. A haughty contempt for the anonymous Press would have been as consistent with a full explanation as with a frivolous fragment of an apology; and when the assembled peerage listens with breathless impatience to the defence of the injured Lord-Lieutenant, he will probably be forced to admit that he has not only strained his powers to the utmost, but attempted to disturb Mr. HERBERT's social comfort by an intrusive application to the Lord Chamberlain. As few persons have been engaged in so many petty squabbles, Lord LLANOVER can by no means claim special exemption from criticism on the ground of his inability to defend himself or to retort on his adversaries. His local controversies may not, on his side, have been anonymous, but in all other respects he has mastered the language and manner which were familiar to the readers of *Eatanswill*.

An appeal to the House of Lords is, undoubtedly, imposing, but it must not be at once assumed that even the most august assembly has exclusive jurisdiction over the conduct of its members. It is not as a peer, but as a Lord-Lieutenant, that Lord LLANOVER has erred, and in his executive capacity he is responsible directly to the Crown, and secondarily to the country. It is neither necessary nor usual for all Lord-Lieutenants to be peers, for it happens that several Welsh counties are presided over by commoners. If Mr. HERBERT's wrongs are only to be redressed on the motion of a peer, it may be asked whether he must submit tamely to vexation if the Lord-Lieutenant had not sat in either House of Parliament? It is, in truth, an irregularity, if not an abuse, to give public servants special privileges of self-defence because they happen to be members of the House of Lords or the House of Commons. The Ministers of the Crown are in their places for the express purpose of vindicating their own acts; but it has often happened that naval and military officers in Parliament have enjoyed an undue advantage in telling their own story in the absence of their censors or comrades, who were equally entitled to a hearing. That the misapprehension or officious interference of a county functionary should be exclusively discussed by his peers, is a new pretension entirely consistent with Lord LLANOVER's whole management of the controversy. He announces that he will not condescend to answer until he is interrogated by a peer in his place, although his accusers and his victim must necessarily be absent, and it is a question of chance whether any peer may think fit to interest himself in the dispute. The privileges of the peerage, both political and social, are undoubtedly extensive; but the theory that they are responsible, even for executive acts, only to themselves, would involve a startling and novel immunity. After the House of Lords had passed

a unanimous vote in favour of Lord LLANOVER, the CHANCELLOR, who might possibly be a commoner, would have the power of dismissing him from his lieutenancy, or of overruling all his decisions, by a stroke of his pen. So careful a stickler for the pretended prerogative of the Crown ought to know that his projected appeal to the House of Lords is an unconstitutional act of presumption.

Those who have taken sufficient interest in the dispute to call public attention to an act of misconduct will scarcely be deterred from pursuing their efforts to redress a petty wrong by mushroom pretensions to the privilege of peerage. The right to assume a surname may seldom require to be exercised, but it nevertheless is the right of every subject, and it must be defended when it is wantonly assailed. Most householders have drawers and cupboards which might be robbed of their hoards with positive convenience to the owner, but, nevertheless, when their rubbish is stolen, they prosecute the thief. As against a wrong-doer, old clothes and old papers are as sacred as money or plate; and if a neighbouring official deprives a local enemy of his name, the wrong ought to be as certainly redressed as if it related to person or property. HIGG, the son of SNELL, requires, according to the English constitution, no permission from CŒUR DE LION to found the family of SNEELSON. Many of the changes of the present day are, like Mr. HERBERT's, really a resumption of the true family name, which had been dropped by a more careless generation. The state of the law was commonly misapprehended, before the commencement of the present dispute, except by antiquarians or lawyers; and Lord LLANOVER was probably misled, by a participation in the general ignorance, into a belief that he had got his obnoxious neighbour at a disadvantage. As the legal bearing of the question has now been fully explained, with unanimous consent, it follows that no Lord-Lieutenant should be allowed to enforce a supposed rule which is found to be inconsistent with the law. It may happen that no member of the House of Lords takes any part in the controversy, and it is also possible that the owners of aristocratic names may be inclined to perpetuate their own monopoly of the outward signs of ancient descent. Until the proper authorities, acting on behalf of the Crown, redress the grievance, it may be necessary from time to time to renew the discussion.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

IRELAND is certainly not the Ireland it used to be. Even in its crimes and violence it has fallen away from its old sublime. It represents that very unpleasant spectacle—a scotched snake. The backbone of Irish turbulence is smashed, and the reptile writhes, and hisses, and wriggles; but, incapable of serious mischief, it turns its own venom on itself. In the impotence of mischief the ludicrous only is suggested. When an Irish riot was an Irish riot—when plenty of bones were broken and a few worthless lives lost, when there was some good serious platoon-firing into a raving mob, when the brickbats flew plentifully, and the Dragoons charged—if it was all very horrible, there was a reality in the affair. Somehow or other, the people were in earnest. Deep passions of some sort must have stirred their spirit. An Irish riot is now a poor washed-out thing—there is no spirit in it. There is abundance of cowardice and mischief, but little danger to life and limb. The Irish mob now-a-days breaks windows instead of heads. A monster meeting is assembled by excursion trains. Roughs, and rapparees, and ruffians come to the row in their best clothes, instead of armed with their best shillelaghs. The upshot of a holiday riot is much that is discreditable and disgraceful, but much also that is ludicrous. The difference between the good old days and these degenerate faction fights is, that nobody could then laugh at Irish riots. Now, it is scarcely possible to treat them seriously.

On Wednesday, September 17, was held a great Orange demonstration in the Protestant metropolis, Belfast. The meeting was altogether aimless; or, rather, its final cause was a demonstration. To demonstrate *what*, its promoters did not, for the sufficient reason that they could not, tell. If it was to show that Orangeism existed, and was prepared to do all that it dared in the biting and snarling line,—if it was to prove that religious hatred and sectarian bigotry were still superior to the claims of justice and charity—if it was to demonstrate that stubborn and vindictive enmity, inherited from days of violence and wrong, still smouldered in the unworthy descendants of ascendant tyranny, and that the remembrance of oppression and contumely in the bitter past had not been effaced by toleration, prosperity, and equal rights in the hearts of the liberated—such an object was fully attained by the conveners of the meeting. But they

met for at least a pretended object. Still, it was one from which the respectable Protestants of Ulster studiously withheld their countenance. All the notables of the party were conspicuous by their absence. The Marquis of DOWNSHIRE and the Duke of MANCHESTER, Sir HUGH CAIRNS and Mr. WHITESIDE, even the gentle RODEN and the mild ENNISKILLEN, declined to answer the appeal of the local fanatics. It was left to the Christian charity of the clergy of Belfast, and to the amiable and religious spirit of the Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly of Ulster, to call from their ashes the spirits of discord and civil strife. Sir WILLIAM VERNER was the only distinguished person true to the traditions of party malignity. This gentleman's chief grievance was, that the wicked Catholics no longer gave occasion to the exhibition of that Protestant loyalty which, in the days of good hearty rebellion, gave Orangemen the dear delight of marching in battle array against their countrymen. What Sir WILLIAM VERNER deplored was, that there was, in these piping times of peace, no rebellion and treason to put down. What he sighed for was the blessed epoch of '98. All that he asked for was for justice—justice for all. What he wanted was rebellious Papists and the opportunity of shedding his own and his hereditary enemies' blood. "Those who were once recognised as traitors and rebels were now courted and cherished." To be sure, they were no longer traitors and rebels, but so much the worse for them, for the facts, and for the Protestants of Ulster. The grievance to Protestant loyalty is the unhappy absence of disloyalty. The Reverend Mr. BURNSIDE took a more cheerful view of the situation. He really did look in a hopeful spirit for a revival. "Their enemies would no longer taunt them with attending at an evening soiree to 'drink and discuss tea.' Another day was rising, and the spirit of the past was reappearing. This was a day, not of tea-drinking, but of good old honest coat-trailing as in the better times, and in the dispensation of the vendetta. The Reverend gentleman's large and Christian heart was rejoiced at the opening of these brighter prospects. Dr. COOKE, as the administrator of the *Regium Donum* to his co-religionists, did not touch on the Maynooth grievance, but contented himself with a practical joke by exhibiting a paper of new pins, from which he expounded, in the form of an apologue or parallel, his own personal estimate of Lord CARLISLE or Archbishop CULLEN, we failed to make out which. The joke was of the dullest, and, like most clerical fun, was sadly deficient in point; but if it was only intended to imply the reverend jester's distrust of the intelligence of his audience, we can pardon the platitude. The Rev. HUGH HANNA trusted in the arm of flesh more than was consistent with his character as a spiritual man; and proclaimed that, "if he could get his hand on those unruly fellows who were making a disturbance in the meeting, he would send them to Bull's Run."

The orators of peace were not altogether disappointed; and Sir WILLIAM VERNER's patriotic and loyal heart, and the Christian sentiments of his clerical coadjutors, must have been charmed by the results of this great Protestant meeting. For nearly a week Belfast has presented an imitation of old times, which does some credit to the political revivalists—such an imitation, at least, as such very milk-and-water agitators could alone expect. Rebellions in these days are rose-water affairs; but we can congratulate the faded Orangeism of the day on having done its little all of mischief. Like JOHN GILPIN's wife, the fanatics of Belfast, though bent on pleasure, showed the frugal mind. They could not afford a day's work, so they confined their rioting to the fine autumn evenings. They broke no skulls, but a great many windows, and, true to the Irish spirit, began by smashing the glass of a Protestant Infant School-room. The campaign thus unluckily commenced by firing into their own troops was, however, retrieved by the subsequent proceedings of the intelligent rioters. They wrecked a good many houses, demolished the furniture and fittings of the Royal Hotel, which happened to have a "Papisher" landlord, and sat down to the siege of St. MALACHY'S Church. It was not to be expected that the boys of the Pound would leave all the fun to the lads of Sandy Row. Deep called to deep; and the answer was what might have been expected. A horde of fierce Papists came out to do battle with the Protestant host, and of course the mild HANNA's windows, at least the windows of his True Blue Presbyterian Meeting House, were smashed. The rival mobs, with a prudence and discretion which is a sad sign of degeneracy, skilfully and systematically ran away from each other, much as in a Town and Gown Row, and contented themselves with destroying their neighbours' and their enemies' goods. The Riot Act was, of course read; respectability was, as usual, powerless; the police, according to its wont, ineffective; and the

constabulary dilatory. It was not the fault of official foresight that Belfast was not destroyed; and we must attribute rather to the cowardice and pusillanimity of the rioters than to any other cause that the city still exists. As it was, there is a very fair amount of wanton damage inflicted on the property of the town; but the butcher's bill is light. It is a matter for the glaziers rather than the surgeons. The wounds to the windows of the inoffensive householders are more serious than those inflicted by the savages on each other. Here and there an impartial policeman's truncheon was wielded without much religious discrimination on Protestant and Catholic enthusiasts; but there was more noise than bloodshed. This is, and is not, to be deplored. It is a matter of congratulation that this is all that can come of any serious attempts to disturb the public peace, and to ruin the prosperity of the most flourishing town in Ireland. It is a happy thing that such very formidable preparations for riot have compelled the more respectable Protestants and the more respectable Romanists openly to denounce and to discourage not only the riots, but the conduct which provoked them. But it is almost a pity that moral justice has not been awarded. The Rev. Dr. MILLER, Vicar of Belfast, who alone, or nearly alone, is responsible for calling the Orange meeting, has not suffered in person or in pocket. We certainly can express very open regret that the authors of the Belfast riots will escape scatheless. To public opinion, to the claims of decency and Christianity, they are of course deaf. Other arguments, however deplorable in the present social condition of mankind, they will not be confronted with. They will reap the rewards and the honours to which they are justly entitled. They have done their best and their worst to call up the vilest, and as we thought the assuaged, passions of human nature; they have stirred up strife, encouraged sedition, provoked rebellion, and all in the name and in the character of ministers of religion. That blood has not been shed is no fault of theirs; and that the damage inflicted on property is not greater, cannot be attributed to the official zeal which, after five days of rapine and riot, has succeeded, in the presence of a thousand soldiers under arms, in arresting just a dozen rioters—not one of whom has "Rev." before his name.

PROTECTION IN AMERICA.

VERY few, probably, of the early advocates of Free Trade foresaw the pertinacious resistance which has been offered by the great majority of nations to principles which we have long since agreed to consider as axiomatic. Although Sardinia, France, and Belgium have, with different measures of energy, entered upon the course which has been so signally successful in England, the greater part of the world still clings with amazing tenacity to the exploded fallacies of Protection. It is true that in Europe all the movement, sluggish as it is, has been in the right direction; but the successive tariffs which have found favour in the United States have exhibited a steady retrogression towards the doctrines which ADAM SMITH undermined, and which the modern legislation of England has by its fruits conclusively condemned. The MORILL and the ultra-MORILL tariffs which have been devised to shut out the productions of Europe may be in part explained by the events which have ended in the disruption of the Union; but recent troubles have only intensified, and not created, the belief in Protection which is the creed, not only of the manufacturing class immediately affected, but of almost the entire population of the great commercial States. The intense jealousy of England which is an innate passion of the Northern Americans has probably gone far to cause the rejection of a principle which we have adopted ourselves, and which we have endeavoured, with indifferent success, to instil into the minds of foreigners. But, apart from this prejudice, the Protectionists of America seem to cling to the old fallacies which have lost their influence here, with a satisfaction which proves that their faith has all the respectability of a genuine and sincere superstition. It is strange that America, with all her boasted sharpness, should have been impervious to common sense in a matter which a shrewd money-making people ought to be the first to understand. In no part of England did Free-trade doctrines make their way so rapidly as in the county where the American type of character is most commonly to be met with, and where American ideas have been most fervently welcomed. Perhaps a similar result might have been witnessed in the New England States but for a feeling which has long predominated over dollar-worship itself. The dream of a mighty self-sufficing community, able to brave the opinion and the arms of the whole world, has so completely engrossed the

aspirations of American patriots as to dwarf every other consideration. It found its expression in the insolent MONROE doctrine; it infected the fabric of society with offensive self-sufficiency; it has plunged the tottering Federation in a ruinous war, and loaded it with an overwhelming debt; and it is not surprising that it should have blinded the eyes of the keenest traffickers on the face of the earth to the simple laws which Nature has prescribed for successful trade.

That this is the real root of American Protectionism has been curiously exemplified by a recent elaborate discussion of the Tariff question, by Mr. BIGELOW, of Boston. In an argument in support of such a tariff as that which the New England manufacturers have imposed on their countrymen, it was to be expected that all the stock fallacies of Protection should be reproduced, and the author deserves the credit of having added to the list some remarkably transparent and rather audacious sophisms of his own. But all this is merely garnish, the base and substance of the apology being rested on the assumed necessity of making the country absolutely independent of everything of which a foreign war could possibly deprive her. With a kind of false patriotism, the interests of every member of the community are postponed to the greatness and glory of the nation. From beginning to end, there is not a word or a thought bestowed on the sufferings of the consumer, who is compelled to pay an enormous bounty beyond the value of every manufactured article that he requires. That war is always possible—that universality of resources and self-dependent strength are the only safeguards against the calamities of war—and that the policy of a great aspiring nation ought to be framed rather with a view to the necessities of war than to the requirements of peace, is the only part of the argument plausible enough to rise above the conventional sophistries of Protection.

England will not just now be accused of a disposition to neglect the costly precautions which are needed to avert war, or, if it cannot be averted, to make it short and triumphant; but it has long since been recognised here, that to prepare for war by crippling your productive powers in time of peace is the most frantic extravagance of which a nation can be guilty. Our commercial policy is primarily based on the requirements of peace—that of the United States on the expectation of war; or, as Mr. BIGELOW very candidly puts it, the national policy of America is conformed, not to an imaginary era of universal peace and philanthropy, but to the hard and selfish world in which we happen to live. Of course, this principle rests on the hypothesis that the inconvenience endured in war by a country accustomed to depend on imports outweighs the loss occasioned by the disturbance of industry in intervals of peace; and if, on the average, nineteen years out of twenty were years of war, and every war were attended by a thoroughly efficient blockade, there might be a shadow of foundation for such an assumption. But, happily, all experience proves the folly of a doctrine so revolting as that which would deliberately sacrifice the glorious opportunities of peace for the sake of a possible advantage in the event of war. It would be idle to dwell on the contrast of sentiment between the peace principle of Free Trade and the war theory of Protection; but Americans ought to be able to understand the argument that Protection does not pay, even as a war measure, and certainly Mr. BIGELOW's illustrations from past history and recent experience afford the most satisfactory proof of the groundlessness of his whole theory. One of the facts which he dwells upon with infinite emphasis is the enormous extent to which England has made herself dependent on imported commodities, while America, with superior foresight and greater opportunities, has taken care to provide herself with all she needs from her own internal resources. According to the theory, America should be omnipotent, and Great Britain powerless; for "it is the nation of great internal resources, of vigorous "productive power and self-dependent strength, which is "always best prepared and most able, not only to defend "itself, but to lend others a helping hand." Surely even American complacency will perceive that, in spite of the dependence induced by Free Trade, England is at least as well prepared as the Federal States to defend herself, or lend a helping hand to her friends. It may be said that the costly navy of this country alone saves us from the supposed dangers of Free Trade; but if this were so, it is certain that the formidable outlay on our ships and sailors is utterly insignificant when compared with the annual profits which our commercial policy produces. The point which the American Protectionists seem wholly to miss is, that the most monstrous armaments are far less burdensome, and far more

effectual as a preparation for war, than the dead weight of a system of Protection which reduces the value of all the industry of a country. If war is to be the sole end of legislation, it pays better to prepare for it by fleets, and guns, and armies, than by the wasteful expedient of a protective tariff.

A patriotic American cannot but draw his chief argument from his own country; and the grand reasoning on which the protective policy is made to rest is so unremarkable that the passage is worth quoting, as the most unanswerable refutation of the theory which is built upon it:—

To the utility and necessity of such a national policy as can alone build up a diversified industry and a vigorous productive power, every day's record of our present eventful struggle is adding new and most convincing proofs. Throughout the greater part of that region now or lately arrayed against the General Government, the doctrines of free trade have long been the only acknowledged and orthodox creed. The laws which favoured American manufactures ranked amongst the highest of their alleged grievances, and would of themselves justify Secession. "Give us free trade," they said. "We will raise cotton, rice, and tobacco; let others engage in the vulgar pursuits of manufacturing. Leave it to them to make our hats, shoes, and clothing, our wares of iron, earth, glass, and wood, and even our arms. Let others build, own, and sail ships; we will freight them, and that is enough for us." They were taken at their word, and now behold the result. In the unequal contest which they so heedlessly provoked, they find themselves without a navy to protect their coast and keep open their harbours; without ships to carry on a foreign trade—which, indeed, would be useless if they had them; with plenty of raw cotton, but no bagging to cover it, and no mills to work it; their ports so far closed that all the means of subsistence and comfort, except the coarsest necessities, have become scarce and dear; while their people, as might be expected, have neither means nor skill to extemporize the power necessary to provide clothing, arms, and ammunition for the brave but deluded men whom they have brought into the field. Convinced at last by a terrible experience, they are now calling on the Southern community to plant corn instead of cotton, and to create among themselves that manufacturing power which they so long despised and derided. Can they fail to perceive how different might have been their condition, and their chances of success in such a struggle, had they only thought of all this before? And can we of the Union, soon to be restored in all its integrity, and in more than its former strength and glory—we who have profited so much by this vast difference in the industrial habits and productive powers of the contending sections—ever forget the instructive lesson?

Let the protective policy be judged by the test which its advocates propose. What a monstrous delusion it must be to suppose that the fruits of protection are independence in peace and irresistible strength in war, when States nursed in the lap of Protection, avowedly with a view to perfect their warlike resources, are beaten at every point by a people of half their numbers, who, after suffering all the dreaded embarrassment which the interruption of Free Trade can bring, have succeeded in recovering their own territory and establishing their forces in the enemy's country. It is hard that the logic of facts should have so quickly refuted the argument of the Northern apologist; but though the contest in America is a remarkable instance of the fallacy of the dream of creating an irresistible country, sufficient in all things for herself, it is in perfect harmony with the general current of history. The experience of mankind happily establishes the great truths that no nation is or can be independent of its neighbours, and that the pride and folly which attempt by artificial restrictions to fight against the natural law of mutual help and mutual dependence are the sure forerunners of a fall, which a more chastened ambition and a more liberal policy might have been the means of averting. However pertinaciously the other pleas for Protection may yet be urged, it is impossible to suppose that Americans will continue to worship it as the certain specific for successful war. If this delusion were once exploded, almost all the peculiar tendencies of the American mind would be favourable to the reception of the truths of Free Trade; and whatever may be the political result of the present struggle, the establishment of at least partial Free Trade will probably in the end become indispensable, as the means of keeping together the fragments of the Federation which Protection has done so much to destroy.

MATRIMONY MADE EASY.

IT was a beautiful fancy of the poet that marriages are made in heaven. As a matter of fact, they are made at Manchester. There are published in that wonderful city two daily papers of large circulation, which have managed somehow to absorb the floating elements of matrimonial inclination that exist in the population of England. If any man or woman in any English county wants to be married in a general way, but has no special object of affection or hope, the votary of a possible passion confides this innocent desire to the columns of the *Manchester Examiner* or the *Manchester Guardian*. There is a regular department in these journals allotted to matrimonial advertisements. In the most business-like way Matrimony follows Education, and precedes Houses to Let, in the list of advertisements. Marriage is one of the peculiar products of Manchester, as gloves are the peculiar product of Woodstock, and ribands that of Coventry. Both sexes resort freely to this convenient market, and artlessly display the simple wares they have in stock. A. has

got so much money, such coloured hair, such an amount of religious principle. B. is 18, gushing, architectural, without brothers, rosy, ebony-haired. Why should not A. and B. come together? The theory of the thing is perfect. This is a marriage that might have been made in heaven. But practice is at fault. How is A. to know anything of B.? How is B. to let the dreamy idea of her float into the mind of A.? Somehow, heaven does not seem inclined to facilitate so rapidly as might be expected the union of an adorable bagman and an adorable milliner. But Manchester intervenes. The useful goddess of that dreary-looking place appears on a printing machine. A. and B. are brought together. A. looks down the long list of advertisements. His soul repels one fair applicant after another. C. is a widow, glossy, rich, and fond of her local Ebenezer; she will not do. D. is too business-like. She distinctly balances her 5,000*l.* against a wooden leg. Neither will do. But B.—dear, delightful B.—is all his bagman soul can long for; she is the antitype of the forms of his most soaring imagination; she is the young woman that has been reserved to him from her cradle. He answers the advertisement, satisfies her he is not hoaxing, receives her alluring reply, and all is in train.

A person who saw these Manchester advertisements for the first time would be inclined to think they were all nonsense. They would be considered an effervescence of the youthful folly of some waggish clerks. This is quite a mistake. Nothing can be more serious than these offers are, and nothing more business-like than the mode in which they are made. Nor do the advertisements come by chance, or at intervals. Marriages are a regular settled branch of Manchester manufacture. The shortest and simplest form they take is this:—"A gentleman, 23 years of age, wishes to correspond with a young lady, with a view to matrimony. Address, with real name and portrait, 153, at the printer's." Sometimes a little economy is practised, and an advertisement appears destined to hit two birds with one stone:—"Two gentlemen, aged 24 and 25, of prepossessing appearance, in business, and highly respectable, are desirous of meeting two suitable ladies, with a view to marriage." We add one more of these simple announcements, merely on account of the gentleman's address. There is a roll about its sonorous syllables that would captivate any young woman addicted to the piano:—"A gentleman desires the acquaintance of a young lady of good family, education, appearance, and some means. Communications, with real name, strictly confidential. Address Publius Mensurius, Dromara, by Lilburn." But generally there are additions to this naked simplicity which throw light on the circumstances and demands of the advertiser. For example, we read:—"A young gentleman in good circumstances is anxious to correspond with a genteel lady, of middle stature, with a view to matrimony. One who has control over her own expectations, similar to the advertiser, preferred." Another advertiser is still more explicit and exacting; but then his own contributions to love-making are sufficient to warrant a certain degree of confidence:—"A young gentleman who is highly respectable, good-looking (dark), and possessed of a good income, wishes to meet with a lady whom he could make his wife. The lady of his choice must be young, handsome, engaging, and accustomed to good society." But although these young and handsome ladies are of course in the greatest request, others of a different order of merit may find their market in Manchester. "Wanted," we read, "a middle-aged, sensible, polite, educated, domesticated, and economical lady for a wife—no objection to a widow—by a widower in considerable business, with a comfortable home. She must be of good character." Nor is it only that ladies of different ages and accomplishments are applied for; there is even a special demand for brides with very special tastes. One adventurer declares that "A lady equal to the advertiser in pecuniary resources, and who has a taste for British and foreign fancy goods, may hear of something to her advantage by placing confidence in this genuine advertisement." There is something quite touching in the thought of a lady growing up from infancy with an ardent taste for foreign fancy goods, finding, as life wore on, this taste blighted, and her soul languishing in a world from which foreign fancy goods seemed to be absent—and then her eye suddenly falling on this advertisement, and the bright rainbow of a new hope dawning on her, and the blissful dream swimming before her that she might, by merely sending her portrait and a little letter, secure the nice young man and the foreign fancy goods of her undeveloped affections.

When we have got a little used to these advertisements, there are still two things that provoke our wonder. We can understand that young men should go to Manchester for wives, if they were of humble means; but we should never have expected that young ladies would have advertised in Manchester for husbands, or that men with a good income would have advertised at all. But we find a large proportion of the advertisers are women; and a large proportion of the male advertisers state themselves to be well off. The ladies go through the same gradations from pure dry business to confidential statements and requirements. There is Kate, who simply announces that "A young lady of fortune wishes to correspond with a gentleman, with a view to matrimony." "M. O." is a little more explicit. She describes herself as "A young lady, the daughter of a deceased M.D., having lived in strict retirement, and possessing some means." She goes on to say that respondents will receive a portrait for six stamps, which seems to us a very moderate amount for the representation of such a tender lily of the valley. And in the way of wealth, Manchester really supplies matrimonial offers that astonish us. "A gentleman, aged 22,"

we read, "desires to correspond with a lady with a view to marriage. Income about 500*l.* yearly." It might be thought that he was merely a stray young fool, but he is kept in countenance by an advertiser of the sober age of 34, who states that he is "respectably connected, with a certain annual income of 600*l.* or more." Still more overwhelming is the offer of a certain "X," who declares that he is of good appearance and habits, and has 5,000*l.* and an income of 700*l.* a-year. "X," must, we fear, have kept many a tiny little bosom heaving while he was examining the thousands of responding photographs which this splendid offer must have procured him. After "X," we do not care to particularize a number of advertisers who have 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year, or who tell the lady she need not have anything. So brilliant are the offers generally, that we come to think people like a certain "Horton," rather cool, when they insert such a string of requirements as he does with only his pittance to back him. It is, however, to be observed that there is something obscure both in what he offers and in what he wants. It looks as if, in return for a taste for tracts, he demands a bride who can scold maids. His advertisement runs thus:—

A young gentleman possessed of energy and perseverance, with other qualifications which a prudent or pious lady might appreciate, is desirous of making choice of a partner for life. His house is furnished, and his increasing profession realizes 100*l.* profit a year. She must be of a respectable healthy family, also have an annuity or some expectations, and endowed with an amiable disposition, besides other qualities essential to the comforts of a husband, and which female attendants cannot but respect.

Let us hope that, among other articles of furniture, his increasing income may soon enable him to enrich his home with a standard edition of Lindley Murray.

Nothing, perhaps, could better illustrate than these advertisements how very little we any of us know of our country. We do not believe that one in a thousand of our readers ever heard of these Manchester advertisements, and yet we find that there is a constant succession of persons wanting to marry, able to afford it, or calculated to adorn the life of marriage, and yet able to hit on no better way of accomplishing their object than that of advertising in a Manchester paper. Who can these people be, with their comfortable incomes and their inability to get wives? It might be conjectured that they were really people in very low life, but with a little money. What, then, are we to think of a gentleman who takes the trouble to send an advertisement all the way from High Wycombe, and who is able to announce that he is of prepossessing appearance, aged twenty-eight, a graduate of Oxford, and holding an easy Government appointment of 400*l.* a year? How comes it that he cannot meet with a wife except by sending to Manchester? We are told that there is in England a surplus of something like a million of unmarried females. Miss Rye exports wives to the ends of the earth; there are visible to the eye countless shoals of young women, with porkpie hats and short petticoats, and all the recognised symbols of a vacant heart, ready to have its lodgings taken; and yet a man who is prepossessing, who is educated, who not only has a Government appointment, but an easy Government appointment—so that his future wife, who might have hazy notions about the killing nature of Government employment, need have no fears for him—tries to get a wife as he would a new pony, by advertising for her. We should like to know what sort of women answer these advertisements. How low or high in society does the habit go of sending a portrait to a young man, unseen and unknown. Then, again, what is perhaps more puzzling, how do the girls that advertise find it pay? Are there men who, having it in their power to marry women who do not advertise, are content to take up with the "Kates" and "Auroras" who employ this means of thrusting themselves on the world? It is, however, of no use asking these questions, for there is no one to answer them. We have come suddenly upon a strange custom, and it remains a puzzle to us.

THE BORDER STATES.

WHEN the delegates of the seven original seceding States assembled in Convention at Montgomery, a proposal was actually made for the "abolition of State lines"—that is, for the fusion of the States into a single and united country. And if those States had remained alone, it is not impossible that this course might have been eventually adopted. True, the Secession had been accomplished in the name of State sovereignty; and that sovereignty had, under the old Union, been most jealously asserted by the very States to which it was now proposed to merge their individual existence in that of the newly constructed commonwealth. But the practical object of the energetic maintenance of State rights as against the Federal Government had been the protection of State interests; and in a Union comprising only the Gulf States, such interests could hardly be discerned. The country was homogeneous, both in the character of its people and in its social and industrial condition. All the States were agricultural, all chiefly dependent on slave labour, all principally devoted to the production of cotton, rice, and sugar, the crops of a tropical climate, cultivable, or said to be cultivable, only by negroes. The fusion was therefore practicable, and seemed to many desirable. But, after the accession to the Confederacy of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, nothing more was heard of the abolition of State lines. The idea seemed to have disappeared, not merely from the field of practical politics, but even from the minds of political speculators. This fact is, in itself, suggestive of a wide difference in social character and political circumstances between the Southern, or

cotton-planting, and those which are known as the Border States. How great that difference is we in England have never understood; nor has it been so fully comprehended even by the North as by the Southern statesmen and people. We have probably a more accurate notion of the planting States—little as we know even of these—than of that vast, populous, and important country which lies between them and the free North, and which has been almost exclusively the seat of war. If the Border States were better known, it would be easier to understand much of what has happened, and to form an opinion as to what is likely to happen; for there can be little doubt that the past history of the present contest has been moulded, and that its future progress is likely to be determined, by the action of these States. Everything, therefore, which can throw light upon the geographical and political conditions, the interests and the feelings, by which that action has been, and may at this juncture be determined, seems just now especially worthy of attention.

North Carolina has never played a prominent part in the politics of the Union; and even during the war, we have heard less of her than of any other of the Confederate States. This is partly owing, no doubt, to her geographical position; but chiefly to the character of her people, and the nature of her industry. She is not, to any considerable extent, a planting State. Her slaves do not form one-third of her population. The average value of her farms is lower than in any other of the Slave States, except Arkansas, Missouri, and Maryland; and their value per acre is much lower than even in those States. Her population is the poorest and the most ignorant in the South, and is chiefly engaged either in an inefficient agriculture or in the production of resin, lumber, and the other commodities of a wild and wooded country. Politically, she follows the lead of Virginia. She is loyal to the Confederacy, but was never enthusiastic in favour of Secession; and had the geographical position of Virginia and North Carolina been reversed, it may be doubted whether the latter would not still be, at least in name, a member of the Union.

Virginia, as a State, has always acted heartily with her Southern sisters, except when the disruption of the Union was in question. As the leading State of that Union, not in power, or wealth, or population, but in traditional honour and historic precedence, the Mother of Presidents had always desired to maintain it as long as possible. She interposed, with success, to prevent civil war when South Carolina once before threatened to secede, and President Jackson threatened the rebellious State with invasion. At the beginning of 1861 she made a desperate effort to preserve the peace and to bring back the seceders. It was not until the Border States Convention, called by her, broke up in despair, and President Lincoln, by a call for troops to put down sedition in the South, announced his intention to prosecute the war, which had already begun at Charleston, that Virginia consented to secede. And even then the Secession ordinance originally passed the State Convention only by a majority of seven. The division-list was kept secret, and members were allowed to change their votes on the record; so that, when actually published, the Secession appeared to be the act of the great body of the delegates. The original division, no doubt, was very much influenced by the knowledge that her secession would expose Virginia to become the seat of war; but it also represented a real and important distinction of interests and opinions. The greater part of the State, lying east of the range of the Alleghanies, is a country of large estates and slave labour. It is a tobacco-planting region. It is, moreover, a country of old families and aristocratic traditions—beyond comparison the most aristocratic part of North America. It is allied to the South both by the similarity of its institutions and of the interests arising therefrom, and by its sentiments of dislike to the Yankees and habitual connexion with the Southern States—a connexion of long standing, drawn close by many a hard-fought political contest, and rendered intimate by family ties. It has, too, another and less creditable bond of union with the planting States. It would not, perhaps, be fair to call it a slave-breeding country, because a respectable Virginian gentleman would no more think of dealing in slaves than an English nobleman of turning money-lender. But it is certain that a large number of negroes are annually exported southwards; and though this business is considered disgraceful, though those who engage in it are despised and condemned, though the subject is one on which Virginians are exceedingly sore, and the practice one of which they are bitterly ashamed, it doubtless strengthens the political bonds which unite the State indissolubly with the South, and embitters the animosity with which she has always regarded the North. Eastern Virginia, then, was from the first Southern, if not Secessionist, in feeling; and Eastern Virginia has always controlled the policy of the State. But the district which lies to the North-west of the mountain range is differently situated. Settled at a later date by the poorer white population of the Old Dominion, it is little influenced by the passions or the traditions of the social aristocracy of the eastern districts. It is a country of small farmers, containing very few slaves, and therefore little moved by the frantic violence of the Abolitionists, or the scarcely less violent resentment thereby awakened in the South. That little strip of territory which runs up between Ohio and Pennsylvania, and which in local slang is called the "Pan-handle," is as completely Northern in character as the States between which it is interposed; and at Wheeling, in this district, the Federalists have even managed to create the semblance of a State organization. North-Western Virginia, therefore, though she has added nothing to the strength

of the North, was opposed to secession, and has been rather a clog than a support to the action of the State.

Tennessee, like Virginia, is geographically divided. East Tennessee resembles as much North Carolina as North-Western Virginia. It is a country of lumberers, woodsmen, and small farmers; its population are poor and ignorant; slaves are few, and pro-slavery feeling is not strong. Middle Tennessee resembles Kentucky, of which we shall presently speak, in its industrial circumstances, but is more decidedly and completely Southern in its political tendencies. Western Tennessee is a cotton-planting district; and its population, its interests, and its character are in no way distinguishable from those of Alabama or Mississippi. Thus in Memphis, the capital of the Western region, Secession is as strong as in Charleston or Mobile; in Nashville, the chief town of the Central district, Unionists are said to exist; and in Knoxville, and the remainder of the Eastern portion of the State, the Federal army seems really to have met with no very vehement hostility from the inhabitants. Missouri is divided by the river which gives it its name, running from west to east across the State. Southern Missouri derives its population, its interests, and its institutions from the South; it is a country of large farms, cultivated by slave-labour, and its people are as strongly attached to slavery, and as hostile to the North, as their countrymen in Western Tennessee. But Northern Missouri is almost as much a Western State as Ohio or Illinois. She has a large German population, and therefore a strong abolitionist element; and she has furnished troops to the Union. Nevertheless, so predominant was the Southern element that nothing but the bayonets of the Federal forces prevented Missouri from passing a formal ordinance of secession. Maryland, similarly, was retained by force in the Union. She is thoroughly Southern and Secessionist by sentiment, while her interests are entirely with the North. The inhabitants of Maryland are chiefly prosperous farmers, who do not find slavery a profitable system of labour, and the slaves who are to be found in the State are nowhere held in large numbers, as in the far South. There are no plantations. Nevertheless, Maryland is entirely with the South. There is no Unionist element in the State, except the Northern-born rabble of the great seaport of Baltimore; and even in that city all who have any claim to social position, wealth, or character are Secessionists. Prevented from seceding by the Federal army and by their geographical position, the Marylanders have given to the South assistance which has often been of the highest importance. There are Maryland regiments in the Confederate service, and Maryland citizens have done the work of spies and smugglers for the Confederate army with wonderful zeal and courage. More than once an important expedition has failed because a Baltimorean, getting scent of its purpose, has risked his life to convey timely warning through the Federal lines and across the Potomac to Richmond. In the beginning of the war, arms and medicine, and even money, were secretly supplied in large quantities by the Secessionists of Maryland to the Southern army. Nay, we must confess that the ladies of Baltimore have nobly earned the ungallant attentions they have received from Mr. Seward. Many a time have they conveyed intelligence to "the rebels;" many and many a poor fellow has owed his life to medicines carried across the border under the ample skirt of some fair sympathizer. Nothing but force, overwhelming and irresistible, has hitherto kept Maryland in the Union.

It will be observed that in every one of the States hitherto mentioned, if a difference of opinion exists, it is coincident with a geographical line of demarcation. Neighbours are not arrayed against neighbours, nor are members of the same household in arms on opposite sides. The worst horrors of civil war are avoided; and if citizens of the same State are in arms against each other, yet they are no less strangers to one another than if a State frontier, instead of a stream or a mountain range, had separated them. This is not the case with Kentucky. In Missouri, in Virginia, even in Tennessee, we say that the State is divided. In Kentucky, it is the citizens that are divided—the State is homogeneous. In its physical conditions it resembles Ohio, Illinois, Indiana; it is a rich agricultural country, planting tobacco, growing corn and hemp, and rearing large numbers of cattle. Its population are much alike—neither quite Southern nor wholly Western, but nowise allied to the Yankees. The State endeavoured, under the guidance of Mr. Crittenden, to remain neutral. Being forbidden to do this, it became the prey of a frightful civil war. Brothers were literally armed against brothers; father and son enlisted on opposite sides. Mr. Crittenden himself sits in the Federal Congress as representative of his State, and one of his sons bears arms for the Union; while the two others hold high commands in the Confederate service. The division of this family typifies but too faithfully the general conditions of the contest in Kentucky.

It might be imagined that, in the separation which seems now inevitable, the fractions of States which have espoused the Northern cause would, as a matter of course, adhere to the North. But those who know the Border States think this exceedingly doubtful. The Unionists in these States have no sympathy with New England, New York, or the West. They are not Abolitionists. They bear no ill-will to the South, or to Southern institutions, if we except, as perhaps we should, the Germans of Northern Missouri. In refusing to go along with their fellow-citizens in the disruption of the Union, they were actuated by no such motives as those which now prompt the savage persistence of the North in the war. They were not for the North, or against the South; they were simply for the Union, and against Secession. They

wished the United States to remain one and indivisible. But now that this has become impossible, now that the Union is gone and cannot be restored, they not only feel no desire to continue a war of vengeance, but they are, we are told, likely, as soon as peace is made, to reunite themselves to the States of which they are members. They wished to remain in the Union as Virginians, or as Tennesseans; but when Virginia and Tennessee have quitted the Union, they will not choose to be left behind. The habits of State Government, the sentiment of loyalty to the State and pride in its traditions, will prove too strong for the diminished interest which can be inspired by a Union shorn of all its prestige and of half its territory; and if left to themselves, the Border States will, it is asserted, preserve their State integrity as members of the Southern Confederation. We do not pretend to judge whether this view be correct or not; but we are bound to admit that it is at least plausible, that it receives some confirmation from the present aspect of affairs, and that, if correct, it offers ground for believing that the frontier-question might be more easily settled than those who regard it as the great impediment to peace suppose.

A LIVING PARADOX.

THE late Archbishop Sumner died too soon, not for his own fame, but for society. An occasion has just occurred on which he might have repeated one action in his life which won him much fame. When Bishop of Chester, he petitioned that the mercy of the Crown should be extended to a condemned parricide of very religious attainments, on the ground that if she were saved from the gallows—which, however, she did adorn—she might make an excellent schoolmistress in the colonies. Had Dr. Sumner lived till last Wednesday, another admirable opportunity for showing his goodness of heart and appreciation of spiritual gifts was open to the good Primate. Mr. William Roupell really ought not to be allowed to waste his pulpit talents in the hulks. He would make such an admirable preacher that we hope there will be a rivalry among the Bishops to secure so interesting a postulant for the ministry. The ministers of all denominations, for once, ought to concur in addressing the Crown to pardon so striking a specimen of the converted man. Temperance societies hire a reformed drunkard; why should not a penitent forger be utilized as a preacher of that repentance of which he is so meekly ostentatious? It is a fine thing to have a healing benefits of confession and repentance preached by a convicted felon; and if the fashion set by Mr. Roupell is to be followed, the dock may have its homiletics. A soiled dove of the day is known for a successful evangelist; and Roupell ought not to be balked of his decided talents as a revivalist.

William Roupell, the convicted forger, has made a full confession, and he evidently plumes himself upon it. There is a refinement in his proud humility, and a superb audacity in his sitting in sackcloth and ashes, which reminds one of Stylites himself:—

Although I be the basest of mankind,—
From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
For troops of devils mad with blasphemy—

I will not cease to parade my sin. It is an inversion of the Pharisee of old. God, I thank thee that I am not as other men. I forged a father's will; I swindled my mother; I robbed my brothers; I cheated my neighbours; but I ask you to believe in my sincere repentance. My repentance is so sincere, that I wish to parade it on the house-top and in the marketplace. We wish to pronounce no opinion on the earnestness of all this pompous penitence; and we concur in Mr. Justice Byles' cool and cautious remark, "Whether that statement is true or false, is known only to One besides yourself, but that One does know." We certainly do not. William Roupell's antecedents are hardly such as to dispose us to believe one word that he says; and his humiliation is so very profound, and the same time so very pretentious, that we must be pardoned from withholding our entire confidence from this chief and proud of sinners. As to confession itself, it may be a genuine thing; not, because genuine, it is not necessarily a sign of real repentance. Guilt in the moral nature is of the character of unhealthy secretions in the physical nature. It has a tendency to come to the surface, but this does not show that the root of evil is killed. It is often a mere physical relief to parade inner sores and uncleanness. To expose the moral man is in itself a sign of moral disease and mere confession is no proof in itself of the soul's health. Anyhow, William Roupell has not got beyond this very doubtful and questionable stage of repentance.

And, be it observed, he improves the occasion of his great humility to say all that he can for himself. As for his unexampled career of guilt, he euphemizes it by characterizing his life "as a continued mistake." He pleads to mistakes, but not to crimes. Poor fellow! he was more sinned against than sinning. His very faults were but virtues in disguise. The first debt he ever incurred was for books; in the ardent pursuit of knowledge under difficulties he began his unfortunate career of appropriating his neighbour's goods. Then his next step in the broad way that leadeth to destruction was prompted by a too generous and confiding nature. To use his own affecting words "he risked his own soul to save his friend." Sublime devotion! heroic self-sacrifice! A man will give his life for his friend; but Roupell exceeds, according to his own account, the Scriptural standard of all possible excellence, and perils his salvation to save his friend's

pocket. And even his last and greatest crimes, the score of forgeries which he perpetrated, were only the great Christian graces in excess. It was filial piety that prompted, and, of course, excused, his final magnificence of sin. "When I committed my subsequent crime I really believed that I was merely carrying out my father's intentions, and that I was justified in the course I pursued." Such a friend and such a son deserves a higher estimate than that which Mr. Roupell now puts on his old self. Far from being that offscouring of all things which he describes himself to be, Roupell, as a friend and son, exhibits the very complex of all social virtues. Nor is this the sum of his moral excellence. He was not, he assures us, personally extravagant, not a gambler, not a libertine. Pathetically and mournfully Mr. Roupell admits that he is preaching to a hard and suspicious generation. He knows—and it is the keenest arrow of a good man's pangs to be misunderstood—that "there are those who will remain unconvinced, because they do not wish to believe him." Far are we from sharing in these unsympathizing suspicions; but in the name of common sense, what did Mr. Roupell do with the 300,000l. which he raised on his father's property? It did not go to the publicans and harlots; it did not fly to Baden Baden, or certain streets in the parish of St. James; riotous living did not consume his ill-gotten gains. Mr. Roupell says so; and we of course believe him. What then? Did he do good by stealth? Did his pickings and stealings go heaven-directed to the poor? Did he build churches anonymously? Is he the *Nil Desperandum* who has restored Redcliffe Church? Is he, after all, the polyonymous rogue who, conscience-stricken, sends so many remittances to the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Has he established missions, churches, schools, and, blushing at his own good deeds, has he given to God and not to fame? Having confessed so very much, he should have gone a little further, and tell us what has become of the fruits of his robbery. There is a reserve and hanging back somewhere. Confession, the canonists lay down, must, to be saving, be complete and exhaustive. Mr. Roupell, like Ananias and Sapphira, pays something into the treasury, but he holds back part of the price. He says that when he told the unlucky purchasers of his father's estates of his forgeries, their unfeeling reply was, that "they did not believe his story." We are much afraid that there will still be a good many to discredit this gentleman's partial and engaging autobiography.

The fact is this—we believe William Roupell to have been and still to be a person of unbounded vanity and self-conceit. Having tried one rôle of distinction, he now tries another. Failing as a millionaire and a politician, he now wishes to live as the most remarkable penitent in the Newgate Calendar. After all, it is only a common-place rascal's last shift. Any niche, though the dirtiest, in the Temple of Fame, is welcome. He aims at a special place in the Hagiology; and the price he pays for it is penal imprisonment for life. He wants to have a name at which the world will wonder, and, failing to compass immortality by one means, he ventures on another title to admiration. The *monstrari digno* is his ambition. He claims to be a man of education and refinement; he knows, oh, how bitterly! all that such a man as he must suffer; but with martyr-like nobility of soul, and in sublime self-abasement, he welcomes the shame, he glories in it, he kisses the rod, and the very beauty of his resignation makes him and his fate only the more admirable. He is a "living paradox." This is his boast, this is his title to be written among famous men. Philosophers will write Essays on this psychological phenomenon—this Lara of the moral world, marked by at least one virtue, if not many virtues, as well as a thousand crimes. This is the character which Mr. Roupell wishes us to adopt. He is a living paradox—a thief and a robber of the most generous susceptibilities, and an amiability of character which not only relieves, but retrieves, that touching and teaching life which has been a long mistake—a forger, but a preacher of righteousness. And, anyhow, like Joseph Surface, he is moral to the last drop. He quits the world—for life henceforth to him is but civil death—with pious thoughts, holy aspirations, and a touching sermon on the vanity of human things, and the weakness of poor human nature.

A living paradox—this is what Mr. Roupell wants the world to take him to be—that impossible fountain, which yields both salt water and fresh, that contradictory tree which bears both upas berries and grapes. No, Mr. William Roupell, you are not this monster of good and evil. You are not the solitary piece of mingled china and coarse clay which came out of that mould which nature formed and broke in despair when she had produced her one Roupell. You are not half the moral curiosity you want us to believe. You are, after all, but a very vulgar monster indeed—a very poor scoundrel. No paradox about you. You flatter yourself terribly by this self-drawn limning of an exceptional man. You protest too much, and talk too fine to be a real man. Men do not walk so delicately in the presence of their own shame if their repentance is deep and true. They do not smile, though never so slightly, at their judge and their sentence, as Mr. Roupell is said to have done. Since the "penitent cove" of Mr. Dickens's *Oliver Twist*, there has certainly been no such penitent as Mr. Roupell. But the one is not below the other. Of all Mr. Roupell's offences, his exhibition on Wednesday is, though not the most criminal, perhaps the most disgusting. We must at last drop irony, and speak the plain, naked truth. A thief and a robber may have even some sort of insolent dignity; but a pitiful, mendacious hypocrite like this adds the only crime to his black catalogue of misdeeds which was wanted to proclaim him a perfect scoundrel. To represent himself

as only the victim of circumstances—to paint himself as a saint in grain, but a sinner by accident and mistake—to point to the great personal sacrifices he is making for the good of others, and to appeal to those who love him to vindicate his fragrant memory and to do justice to his high inner motives, and his worship of all that is good, generous, and self-denying—is a piece of impudence which transcends all his former misdeeds. He certainly hit a popular ideal—that which asks us to believe that a woman may be a Messalina in person and an Agnes in soul—

A very heathen in the carnal part,
But still a sad good Christian in the heart.

But that, under the circumstances, he could so far think to impose on public credulity, and that he could have the insolence to employ the occasion of his appearance as a convicted felon to puff himself, and to advertise that autobiography and those Prison Thoughts which he tells us he has prepared in Horsemonger Lane—and to gloss over a life of almost fabulous and persistent wickedness as a mistake, and himself as an interesting and clever creature, who had quite as much of the archangel as the devil in him—is morally a sin quite equal to that of forging his father's will.

ITALIAN CONFEDERATION AGAIN.

IT is passing strange that, while the affairs of a Federation, or rather of two Federations, form the predominant object of public attention, hardly anybody seems to know what a Federation is. In one number of the *Times*, a leading article speaks of the British Kingdom and its dependencies as a "Federation," while, in the correspondence on the opposite page, the Federal Republic of the United States is called "the Republic one and indivisible." The American dispute has, in fact, done more to increase ignorance than to disperse it. And if the word "Federal" becomes, as it seems likely to become, a purely geographical or national word, a mere synonym for "Yankee," historians and political thinkers must rack their brains to find out some new word to express the constitutions of old Achaia, of modern Switzerland, and of the Confederate States themselves. This strange use of the word seems still stranger when we consider what it really implies. The true antithesis to "Federal" in this sense is "rebel." "Federal," "Federalist," in the present American war, answer exactly to "Royal," "Royalist" in the former. The Government of Washington, being Federal in its form, uses the word "Federal" where the Government of a monarchy would use the word "Royal." The "Federal" army is the army of the legitimate Government as opposed to the "rebel" army. Those who hold the Southern troops not to be rebels, but the army of a Government as legitimate as its rival, clearly should not surrender the title to the enemy. Anyhow, it is rather hard that political science should be robbed of a technical term which it cannot easily replace, merely because a momentary caprice has specially attached it to a single Government to which it belongs only in common with several others.

A Federal Government is essentially a compromise between two extremes—perfect consolidation and perfect separation. It implies that the States which compose it form distinct commonwealths in their internal government, but only one commonwealth in their dealings with other nations. A Federal system is in its place when its members have unity enough to act together in some respects, and not unity enough to act together in all. It is out of place when the members which it tries to connect are so alien to one another that they had better be quite independent. It is out of place, again, when the members which it keeps to a certain degree apart have so much in common that they could be safely merged into a consolidated kingdom or republic. It is, therefore, neither to be preached up everywhere nor to be cried down everywhere. Like other forms of government, it is good here and bad there. Like other forms of government, it has its weak points and its strong points. And, like all compromises, all mixed governments, its very nature suggests two principles, which may easily become the war-cries of two parties. The rights of the Union, and the rights of the several States, cannot be so accurately defined but that the two will now and then clash. A party of the Union and a party of State-rights must be reckoned on from the beginning. But there is here nothing peculiar to Federations. In every mixed government disputes will arise as to the exact rights of the several powers of the State. In a limited monarchy there will always be disputes between King and Parliament, till the ingenious device of Cabinet government relieves King and Parliament alike of their principal functions. In such a monarchy there will always be Royalists and Parliamentarians, Tories and Whigs, or whatever they may be called. So, in a republic which, like that of Rome, contains an aristocratic and a democratic element, there will always be disputes between the Patricians and the Plebeians, or between the Senate and the Tribunes. If it would be ludicrous to cry up Federalism as a political panacea everywhere, it is equally ludicrous to cry it down everywhere, merely because one particular Federal government is not going on either so wisely or so prosperously as it might.

M. de la Guéronnière's scheme of an Italian Confederation, besides being stale, is so eminently absurd that it may be left to fall by its own weight. A Confederation of three monarchies, under distinct princes, with a central power not very clearly described, is the merest sham in the world. It is simply a device of the enemy of Italy to weaken Italy. To call it a dream is paying it too great a compliment—it is a mere ugly nightmare. It is

only worth mentioning because shallow writers run off from the manifest folly and absurdity of such a Federation as this to declaim against Federations in general. When the liberation of Italy was still itself an affair of dreaming, the dreams of some Italians and of some friends of Italy took a Federal form. Events have taken a different shape, and they do not repine. But it is rather hard if everybody who ever thought of a Federal Italy is set down as a partisan of M. de la Guéronnière. His scheme would simply weaken Italy, without securing any one Federal requirement. The argument in favour of Federalism in Italy was the strong provincial feeling in the different parts of the country, which seemed to render a perfectly consolidated government undesirable, and perhaps impossible. But, to answer this end, many more members than three would have been wanted. The Confederation of three would be like nothing that is, or that has been, and would answer no purpose except the avowed one of promoting disunion and weakness.

The *à priori* objection to an Italian Federation was the position of Italy, lying between two despotic and hostile Powers, of which that one is the more dangerous which veils its enmity under the guise of friendship. In such a position the highest possible degree of union seemed desirable. If a consolidated State was really possible, such a State would be stronger and more united than a Federation. We say, if it were really possible, because a forced and unnatural degree of union would not conduce to real strength. Switzerland is far stronger, far more truly united, as she is, than it is a nominally closer form of union were thrust upon her. Four years ago, then, Italian Confederation or Consolidation was a fair subject for debate; there was eminently something to be said on both sides. The will of the Italian nation has, however, decided the question. Some friends of Italy may fear that it has been decided too hastily; but decided it is, and cannot be reopened. Those who wished for a real Confederation while the question was fairly open will be the last to advocate a sham Confederation now. To propose to unite a number of separate States by a Federal tie was a step in the cause of union. To propose to divide a State which has already achieved a more perfect union is essentially a step backwards, which no true friend of Federalism would wish for.

The scheme of M. de la Guéronnière may, then, fairly be sent to the same limbo to which we would gladly consign every scheme of himself and his master. His cause is so bad that no good argument can be brought for it; its only chance is that some bad arguments may be brought against it. It was, therefore, to be regretted that the *Times* should a little time back have done all in its power to set M. de la Guéronnière on his legs again. He must really think it a friendly act when the chief English paper cries out:—

Is there any instance in history of a thoroughly successful Federation? Have not the two which we know best—Switzerland and America—been involved in civil war within the last fifteen years? Would England submit to be broken into a Federation? Would France? Would Prussia? Is not Austria risking everything rather than submit to it?

If by "a thoroughly successful Federation" be meant one absolutely perfect, without flaw or error in theory or practice, of course no such Federation ever existed. But then no such "thoroughly successful" monarchy or consolidated republic ever existed either. The question is not whether the American or the Swiss Government is ideally perfect, but whether any but a Federal Government is possible under the circumstances of America and Switzerland. As Switzerland has maintained her liberties for more than five hundred years, the Swiss experiment may perhaps be thought, on the whole, tolerably successful. Switzerland had her civil war fifteen years ago; but she was not at all singular in so doing. A very little while after, revolutions and civil wars were rather the fashion than otherwise throughout Europe. Horrible as is the present American war, it is at least not worse than the great French Revolution. The errors of America and Switzerland undoubtedly prove that Federal States are not perfect, any more than consolidated States, but we really do not see that they prove anything further.

To ask whether England or France would submit to be broken into Federations follows rather inconsequently upon what went before. England and France are perfectly consolidated States. France, in truth, is a little more consolidated than is good for itself or the world. No State, united as they are, would exchange its system for a Federal one, because such an exchange would be going back to comparative disunion. But when Federalism was first preached to the disunited States of Peloponnesus, of Switzerland, or of North America, it came in the shape of closer union—the closest union which the circumstances allowed. That Federalism is sometimes out of place proves nothing against it when it is in its place. As for Prussia, perhaps an inhabitant of Posen might think even a Federal connexion with Berlin too close. But Germany, as a whole, would surely feel it a step in advance to exchange its sham Federation for a real one. The sentence about Austria is an amusing illustration of the real practical effect of the change of style adopted by the House of Hapsburg at the beginning of this century. Up to that time, every map of Europe showed Hungary as a perfectly distinct kingdom. Now, as the "Emperor of Austria" must surely be "Emperor" of something more than his natural Archduchy, the word "Austria" is, in a modern map, sent sprawling over the whole region from Mantua to Leopold. "Austria" is, indeed, "risking everything rather than submit to" a Federal system; but the most important part of the subjects of "Austria"—that is, the Hungarian nation—is doing all that it can to reduce its connexion with Austria to merely Federal proportions, if, indeed, it will long tolerate any con-

nexion at all. That Austria dislikes the secession of Hungary proves about as much as that President Lincoln dislikes the secession of the Confederate States.

A Federal system is necessarily out of place when it attempts to supplant that more perfect union which has long existed in England, and which, we trust, exists, or soon will exist, in Italy. The case is different in the case of a number of States which are not really united, but simply held together by force. Such are the Austrian and Turkish Empires. Supposing the compulsory tie to be broken asunder, a Federal tie may be the proper one to succeed it. We say "may be," because it does not necessarily follow that it is. Federalism, in such a case, would have much to be said for it; but it would very likely have also something to be said against it. It may be that some of the subject nations have so little in common with each other that perfect independence would be better. Or it may be that some of them have so much in common that what they want is not separation, but simply a reform of the Central Government. All these three suppositions are theoretically possible. Which would be practically the truth in each case could only be found out by a careful examination of the facts of each case. All that could be asked would be that the case should not be prejudged against the Federal system—that the *pros* and *cons* should be fairly weighed against the *pros* and *cons* of other systems. History teaches nothing more certainly than the utter fallacy of all general propositions for or against any particular form of government. Monarchy, aristocracy, democracy—Federalism, town-autonomy, the system of large States—may all be cried up or cried down with perfect ease by any one who opens his eyes only to one side of each of them. The manifest truth is that all are good, and all are bad, "according to the diversities of countries, times, and men's manners." It is utterly unphilosophical to exalt or to decry any one of them without consideration of time and place. It is especially foolish to draw inferences against a whole class of governments, in all ages, because of the errors of a single one of the number—above all, when the warm sympathies of many of those who so speak are enlisted on behalf of another government of precisely the same kind.

CARTES DE VISITE OF CELEBRITIES.

THERE are few periods of a peaceable man's life more deserving the proverbial name of *un mauvais quart d'heure* than the space of time he is beguiled into spending in a photographer's studio. Of itself, the attempt to select your own best expression of countenance is a perplexing effort; and the consciousness that the face you put on, whatever it may be, will be the one by which, in all future time, all who look into your friends' albums will know you, does not diminish the embarrassment. You have a vague impression, that to look smiling is ridiculous, and to look solemn is still more so. You desire to look intelligent, but you are hampered by a fear of looking sly. You would wish to look as if you were not sitting for your picture; but the effort to do so only fills your mind more completely with the melancholy consciousness that you are. All these conflicting feelings, pressing upon your mind at the critical moment, are very painful; but they are terribly aggravated by the well-meant interposition of the photographer. To prevent a tremulous motion of your head, which the bewildered state of your feelings renders only too probable, he wedges it into a horrible instrument called a head-rest, which gives you exactly the appearance as if somebody was holding on to your hair behind. In such a situation you may be pardoned if a somewhat blank look comes over your usually intelligent features. The photographer of course sees this defect, and does his best to remedy it, by a little cheerful exhortation; but naturally with no other result than that of making matters much worse. "Just a little expression in your countenance, if you please, sir—perhaps if you could smile," is a most distressing admonition to receive at such a moment, just when you know that the photographer has his hand upon the cap. If you are weak enough to listen to him, and extemporize "a little expression," you come out upon the plate with a horrible leer, looking like the Artful Dodger in the act of relating his exploits. If, as is more probable, you are too much absorbed in the uncomfortableness of your own position to regard his exhortations, you are immortalized with an expression of agonized sternness upon your features, unpleasantly suggestive of a painful internal disorder. There is always too much of the studio in these *cartes de visite* portraits. We do not merely refer to the extraordinary backgrounds which some of these operators employ. Why a respectable old lady is to be represented as sitting without her bonnet in a chair placed upon a Brussels carpet in the middle of a terraced garden, is always very perplexing; and it is equally difficult to understand what the foundation can be for the theory, which seems to have possessed the minds of several of the photographers, that the middle-aged men of England generally spend their lives leaning against a Corinthian pillar, with a heavy curtain flapping about their legs, turning their backs to a magnificent view, and obviously standing in a frightful thorough draught. But the studio shows itself, not only in the accessories, but in the very face of the sitter. The whole scene is reflected there. The irritation of the head-rest, the despairing desire to fulfil the operator's injunctions, the ill-humour at having been placed in an uncomfortable or unbecoming attitude, and the consciousness that that attitude is being photographed—all speak in the face of the sitter, and communicate a very unflattering likeness of him to the world. Many shades of distress cross the face

of a man who is sitting to be painted; but the painter is not forced to copy them. The camera is too slow to be able to be so truthful with impunity. Portrait photography will be very far from its perfection until the apparatus is rapid enough to take the sitter unawares.

This want of the *artis celare artem*, which is the great fault in the camera's performances in portraiture, unfortunately shows itself very strongly in the pictures of the celebrities which line the shops in our great thoroughfares. It is the only drawback to a series of likenesses which are otherwise admirable. Statesmen are decidedly favourable subjects for photography, because the character of their faces depends on form, and not on colour. Their intellectual power has usually given them strongly-marked features; and their Parliamentary labours have given them complexions upon which the tones of the photograph are an unquestionable improvement. But on the other hand, their faces are too expressive to permit them to conceal the fact that they are sitting for their pictures, and consequently there is an unnatural appearance about almost all of them. If the pictures are preserved to after times, posterity will be much puzzled to reconcile the expressions of some of them with the recorded history of their lives. A gentle, benignant smile upon Lord Derby's face, a look of decided merryman on Lord John Russell's, and an aspect of stern and settled gravity upon Lord Palmerston's, will be a sad perplexity to the physiognomists of the future. Mr. Gladstone's likeness is more in character. Being possessed of a vivid imagination, he has evidently contrived to persuade himself for the moment that the photographer is a Protectionist, and is mentally engaged in denouncing him with a fury that gives great spirit to the picture. Lord Shaftesbury is as languid as Mr. Gladstone is fierce. Five minutes spent in fruitless efforts to put himself into an attitude that shall satisfy the photographer have evidently left their impress on his face in a look of unutterable weariness. Lord Clyde's aspect is one of gentle but resolute suffering. Head-rest is written in every line of his features. But, as a soldier, he cannot be expected to have had much practice in the concealment of his feelings. The diplomatists are naturally more successful. Lord Elgin boldly puts a good face on the matter, and plunges his hand into his pocket. Lord Cowley is not quite so confident of his control over his features, and judiciously hides his face in his hands, pretending to have the tooth-ache. Some of our public men are cruelly treated by the photographers in the matter of accessories. Lord Brougham is represented in the act of making an oration in a passage, which is not a probable situation for a distinguished man to find himself in, unless, indeed, he is in the habit of trying his speeches upon the hall porter. Lord Stanley was unfortunate enough to light upon a photographer who possessed a favourite chair. To common eyes it is not a very remarkable chair—a common easy chair, lined with Utrecht velvet. But the photographer evidently thought it much more worthy of immortality than his sitter. The picture as sold in the shops is the picture of the chair. One of the accessories is a fragmentary portion of a rising statesman looking over the back of it, not apparently at ease in his very subordinate position. The clergy, on the whole, make much more satisfactory sitters. They are far more accustomed in the practice of their vocation to wear a drilled expression of countenance. Statesmen, when they appear in public, are generally in the act of speaking, and are too much engrossed with what they are saying to find time to compose their features. Clergymen, on the other hand, when they appear in public, are mostly engaged in the more mechanical art of reading, so that they have ample leisure for thinking what the crowds who are looking at them think of them. A self-conscious cast of countenance, therefore, sits naturally on them, and does not so forcibly suggest the idea that they are sitting for their pictures. There is a very large assemblage of them to be seen. In fact, they are the only class which furnish to the shopwindows a great many portraits of men perfectly unknown. It is to be presumed that each of them has an admiring crowd of purchasers, and that the affection which used to express itself in the manufacture of stoles and slippers finds a cheaper outlet now in the purchase of *cartes de visite*. They undoubtedly form an admirable subject for the art; for the usual complaint against photography is that its only colours are black, white, and grey; and the clothes and complexion of a model clergyman ought to consist mainly of those three tints. They belong indifferently to all sects and churches, and give a good opportunity for studying the æsthetic effects of various creeds, both upon dress and personal appearance. The picturesque religion of the past, and the comfortable religion of the present, are admirably symbolized by Dr. Manning and Mr. Spurgeon. The typical character of the two creeds is so faithfully preserved that one can hardly believe the figures to be the work of the truthful camera. A caricaturist could not improve upon the contrast between the wasted, ascetic look of the one, and the—very contrary appearance of the other. Mr. Spurgeon is fond of his own portrait, and has bestowed himself upon the public in several different aspects. But he is quite right to be careful that the local habitation of so great a soul should not be forgotten. There will be considerable historical value in the record which these photographs are preserving of the type of manly beauty which the English middle classes of the nineteenth century specially admired.

The Royal portraits, of course, form the leading feature of the display. A nervous partizan of monarchy might fear that so intimate an acquaintance with Royal physiognomies might be apt

to produce the proverbial result of familiarity. In the case of our own Royal family, the constantly increasing sale of the *cartes de visite* seems to show, on the contrary, that photographic acquaintance has been a considerable stimulus to English loyalty. The Princess Alexandra is still the cause of a formidable obstruction upon the footway in Regent Street. It is to be hoped that when she comes to her future kingdom she will allow her beauty to be reproduced by a more skilful race of artists. In one of the pictures she appears to have fallen into the hands of a military photographer, who looks upon "eyes right" as the most effective of all postures. But, with the exception of our own Royal family, the cause of monarchy is not likely to be much aided by photography. The career of the Emperor of the French has a romance about it which is wholly dissipated by a glance at his picture; and the photographers have been pleased to mar the effect of the Empress's beauty by taking her with down-looking eyes. This attitude was, no doubt, adopted to avoid the blank expression, as of a blind person, which light eyes are apt to present in a photograph; but it gives the Imperial couple the appearance of having been photographed at the close of a conjugal quarrel in which she had decidedly got the worst of it. The other Sovereigns make a still less presentable appearance. The picture of Victor Emmanuel is not redolent with the "divinity which doth hedge about a King." A physiognomist would be tempted to believe that the title with which his subjects have decorated him was, as the Germans would say, an overflow of their own subjectivity. The Emperor of Austria and Francis of Naples look just like the men who would lose twenty empires if they had them. The expression of the latter's face in one picture is very curious. There is an expression of peevish scorn at the miserable plebeian to whom he was condescending to sit, as if he thought that the honour of developing a King's sacred outlines was one to the like of which the base mechanic was not often preferred. Any one who, during the past summer, was inclined to regret, on political grounds, that the Viceroy of Egypt was not made more of at the English Court, is recommended to neutralize these feelings by purchasing his photograph. We will venture to answer for it that the antidote will be complete. What a pity we have not the photographs of the heroes of ancient times! Most of them, if we may believe what history tells of their lives and conversations, would probably have looked very like Sayd Pacha.

NEW ZEALAND.

THE recent publication of the Speech of Her Majesty's Representative on opening the second session of the third Parliament of New Zealand, and the almost simultaneous appearance of certain important correspondence between Sir George Grey and the Colonial Office, have combined partially to revive our flagging interest in the condition and prospects of a colony which seems usually to drop out of sight and out of mind during the rare intervals of temporary truce and suspension of the normal condition of conflict between the Maori and Anglo-Saxon sections of its inhabitants. That our fellow-subjects in New Zealand are now enjoying such an interval we have but slight grounds for believing, notwithstanding the sanguine tone of recently received despatches. All that can be said is that no murderous conflicts were actually going on at the time of the departure of the last English mail from Auckland; and this negative condition of affairs seems to have been accepted by the authorities, both at home and in the Colony, in the spirit of thankfulness for small mercies, as a state of peace. But though the intelligence really indicates not peace, but simply a pause which the Americans would call "strategical"—a lull in the storm, not the subjugation of the elements that aroused it—it is precisely of that character which is likely to beget in this country a sense of that false security which is the usual sequel of any temporary relaxation from the excitement of Colonial wars.

The home constituency to which any of our distant colonies can appeal for interest in their local affairs in quiet times is necessarily but small in numbers and in influence. Happily for itself in this respect, New Zealand never has times which can, strictly speaking, be called quiet. And if at the present moment the kinsfolk of the British soldiers serving in the four or five battalions now quartered in the Northern island need not necessarily associate, with their thoughts of their brethren at the antipodes, death or suffering in the storming of native fastnesses, the pastures of Canterbury and the gold-fields of Otago have attracted adventurers enough from the old country, who have left sympathies behind them, to save us from the danger of forgetting the traditions which link us with our fellow-subjects in New Zealand—to say nothing of the aspirations of a higher nature which have long centred on the scene of Marsden's and Selwyn's labours as the most favoured field of Christian missions. Nevertheless, there are, perhaps, few among our fifty colonies, concerning which, whether as regards its own local affairs or its relations with the Parent State, popular notions so vague and confused have, from its first origin, prevailed. Where our stock of knowledge of the subject-matter is slender, nothing so repels us from further research as to find the whole ground of inquiry preoccupied by combatants who, absorbed in fiery controversy, presuppose our full acquaintance with all the details of a question of which the very alphabet and grammar are unknown to us. And this is what happens in nine cases out of ten to the tyro who, in the humblest spirit, attempts the study of New Zealand politics. Before he has found out the age of the colony, the names or number of its provinces, or the form of its constitution,

he is overwhelmed with a mass of unintelligible jargon about "tribal rights," and "individual rights," and the "King movement," and what the Bishop thinks, and what the Governor says. The claims of the colonists are dinned into one ear, those of the natives into another, till at last he is very naturally tempted to throw up in despair an investigation which bids fair to be altogether resultless. Hence it comes to pass that a public opinion worthy to bear that name, and calculated to influence legislation, can scarcely be said to exist in England on the affairs of New Zealand. Nor would this apathy and ignorance be by any means unmixed evils if the absence of all pressure on the Executive Government at home should tend to an entire renunciation, on the part of the Colonial Office, of the prerogative of Imperial intervention in all those local matters which ought, in consistency with the true principles of Colonial self-government, to be left entirely to local adjudication. Unfortunately, however, the present tendency of Imperial administrators, both in the colony and at home, is in the very opposite direction to that of inactivity and passiveness. A Secretary of State who receives 5,000*l.* a year must do something for his money; and a Colonial Governor who has to keep up a prestige founded on eight years of fairly successful administration must of course have always some comprehensive scheme of constitution-cobbling on the stocks. So we are to have, among other things, a grand machinery in New Zealand for civilizing the natives. Whether the powers to be vested in this newly-constituted body might or might not have been safely committed to that Parliament for the members of which the natives are, by the provisions of the Constitution, entitled to vote, or what may be in other respects the merits or demerits of Sir George Grey's scheme, it is not our present purpose to inquire. There is, however, one inevitable result of this and all like measures, which those who initiate and adopt them will do well to ponder before they rivet on the Imperial Government responsibilities the possible future extent of which are absolutely incalculable.

When the free Constitution which New Zealand now possesses was granted to that colony ten years ago, and its territorial revenues were surrendered to the local Parliament, the Imperial Government reserved, as is well known, a control over those lands in which, according to the phrase adopted at the time, "the native title was unextinguished." This we did in the same paternal spirit which has prompted us to protect all aboriginal races throughout our dependencies from being improved off the face of the earth by contact with the superior energy of our own colonists. We took the Maoris and their lands under our imperial patronage on precisely the same principle on which we grant a large annual vote for the civilization of Kafirs whom we have spent five millions in attempting to exterminate, and from the same benevolent motives which induce us year by year to bestow on the remnant of the Red Indians of North America the blankets which they exchange for brandy with their pale-faced neighbours. To play sometimes at philanthropy is, perhaps, a permissible pastime for a nation which does so much honest hard work as England accomplishes, both in the government of her own empire and in her dealings with mankind at large; but in our administration of colonies harassed by warlike native races, it has been our wont to indulge ourselves in these usually harmless amusements to an excess which may eventually prove rather too exciting and expensive to be pleasant. In the case of New Zealand, for instance, the same Constitution which, dashed off by the ready pen of a Colonial Secretary, conferred uncontrolled powers on the Federal Assembly, and, relinquishing almost every prerogative of the Crown, converted the Queen's Representative from an autocrat to a cipher, was framed in obedience to those generous and liberal instincts which, for the last twenty years, have made Colonial self-government one of the political catch-cries of the day. The only Imperial reservation which that Constitution contained was dictated by generous and liberal instincts of a different class, which, when we were dealing not only with a popular field of missionary enterprise, but with a colony which contained within it some sixty thousand natives of the noblest race then beyond the pale of European civilization, were sure, on romantic if not on religious grounds, to enforce themselves on the Executive of an empire which, however practical it may profess to be, is pervaded by a tinge of sentiment in all its administration. And so it came to pass that, in framing the polity of New Zealand, both the political and the philanthropic enthusiasts had their way. While, in deference to the former, patronage and power and every substantial prerogative were, with one hand, conceded without stipulation or reserve to ever-changing local Ministries, with the other, the stewardship of the Maori lands, with its inevitable heritage of endless wars and undefinable responsibilities, was jealously retained, in deference to the humane precepts of the latter. Twice or thrice the Parliament of New Zealand has striven in vain to rid itself of the restraints, and us of the liabilities, involved in this singular relationship, which still survives all the perilous and costly consequences which, as long as it lasts, it must occasion to all parties concerned. And it is under circumstances of a distribution of power and responsibility so anomalous and unprecedented as between Great Britain and her colonies that a series of measures are proposed by the Queen's Representative, which, if sanctioned and adopted, can have no other effect than to fix more firmly than ever on the Mother-country the responsibility, for which she has already paid so dearly in past years, for all future conflicts between the colonists and the native population. We know already pretty well by experience what it is to pay for wars which others direct—to leave

to our colonists the business of picking quarrels, and to ourselves the burden of getting them out of their scrapes. Strewn up and down in our colonial war bills for the last quarter of a century, may be found significant items of odd thousands for "waggon hire at the Cape," or "commissariat costs at Auckland," which afford us a hint that, after all, a squabble in a colony, provided only it can be settled by British troops, is not without its bright side for a section at least of its inhabitants. It appears certainly from the Governor's despatches that the control over the native reserves is to be handed over to the Federal Assembly of New Zealand; but can it be imagined for a moment that if, as a concomitant of this concession, a staff of Military and Civilization Commissioners, acting under the instructions and receiving the pay of the Imperial Government, and armed with such powers as may be delegated to them by their employers, is to be dotted in detachments over the Colony, the Mother-country will escape pecuniary or moral accountability for any outbreaks which may take place within the sphere of the authority of its agents? Lord Grey, in his evidence before the Committee on Colonial Defences, went so far as to fix permanently on the Imperial Government the liability to protect our vast South African dependencies, on the ground of the encouragement given by the Executive nearly half a century ago, at the suggestion of Mr. Hume, to the formation of a settlement at Albany in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope; and may we not reasonably anticipate that, if the British Empire lasts for fifty years more, there will then be statesmen ready to rivet on the Government of the day all the consequences which may arise from all the deeds or misdeeds which history may then impute to our present subordinate administrators in New Zealand?

To fix by precise limits the responsibilities of an Empire for the protection of such of its citizens as may voluntarily expatriate themselves to regions which they know to be harassed by warlike tribes, is perhaps no easy political problem. So long as we held our colonies in the Pacific and South Africa by the same autocratic tenure as our Eastern Empire, it was difficult to meet the plea of the philanthropist against the risks incurred if colonists and natives were to be left to fight out for themselves conflicts which, without the aid of disciplined troops, might only end in mutual extermination. And though the inhumanity of the Commando system at the Cape, or of that which our North American colonists adopted in their struggles with the Indian tribes on that Continent, was perhaps scarcely equal to that of the policy which now provokes and stimulates more lingering but not less deadly wars, it was safer and more seemly to accept, without economical cavil, all the costs which might be incident to the absolute authority which we then claimed over the out-settlements which submitted to our rule. But the revolution which has since invested our then dependent colonies with all the attributes of independent nations, not only deprives us of all power of interference in their internal legislation, but deprives them of all right to look for British troops to support a policy which their own Parliaments initiate and direct. We scarcely needed Lord Grey's high authority to assure us that it is unwise and wrong on the part of this country to undertake the enormous expense and burden of New Zealand wars, and to leave to the Colony the uncontrolled power of governing that country in such a manner as to produce collision with the natives. And yet we have, as it appears, with our eyes open, and the consequences distinctly manifest, parted with the power, and retained the responsibilities, of our profitless dominion. Each of the 5,000 soldiers now in New Zealand costs us, at least, 100*l.* a-year per man. After six years' haggling with the Colonial Government, we thought we had succeeded in persuading them to take off our hands about one-twentieth of this expenditure, the whole of which is incurred for their advantage. It now seems doubtful whether they will not wriggle out of the bargain. Three quarters of a million would be a low figure at which to estimate our New Zealand expenditure during the current year; but if we could only cherish the hope that we were paying, however dearly, by present sacrifices for future peace, the purchase would be cheap indeed.

But the questions raised by our relations with this colony affect considerations of higher policy than those of more or less saving in our Imperial estimates. The history of the world presents nothing analogous to those relations as regards the distribution of power, responsibility, and charge. Well might Mr. Gladstone, in his evidence before Mr. Arthur Mills's Committee of last year, describe our colonial system as in this respect "a novel invention, of which up to the present time we are the patentees," no one having shown a disposition to invade our patent. Let us hope that, by that concentration of public opinion which the culmination of political errors must shortly attract to our policy in New Zealand, and by the awakening of the public mind of England to the inevitably fatal consequences of a course which shall leave in further doubt where the source and centre of financial and political responsibility as to the future of that colony resides, the home authorities may learn at last the wisdom which experience has failed as yet to teach.

FAMILY RELICS.

THERE is something to be said for and against the custom of preserving tangible records of friends, absent or dead. One thing at least is clear—that it is deep-rooted in the mind, and that to resist it needs an effort, and leaves behind it a feeling akin to self-reproach. Everything belonging to one whom we have loved

acquires a factitious value, and is invested with a special interest. The house where such a one lived, the chamber where such a one read and thought and wrote, the favourite walks, the long familiar scenery—these various objects exercise a strong influence over the mind, and draw us towards them almost against our will. But memorials much more slight and trivial have power to move us. A commonplace relic or token of every-day life reminds us that the companion whose loss we mourn was but yesterday as full of energy as ourselves—engaged in the same pursuits, touched by the same sorrows, comforted by the same hopes. We realize keenly that he has passed out of the world, and will never return to it.

The sort of melancholy¹ pleasure men take in brooding over memorials of those gone from them is not always explained by the fact that anything connected with those we love attracts a portion of our love and shines with a sort of reflected light. The feeling is a little more complex than this. Is it not the case that—for reasons not far to seek—the remembrance of calamities, however great, tends slowly but steadily to fade away? We speak of the general rule, not of exceptional instances of life-long misery, and may even go farther than this. Is it not the case, that often the very recollection of a great loss can only be recalled by some chance train of thought—a hasty word—an outward token or object associated with it? This is nature's effort to heal a wound that would otherwise destroy our usefulness. But it seems to savour of hardness of heart or fickleness, though it is really nothing of the kind, and fills the mind with a sense of something like guilt. We struggle against the tendency, and derive a strange satisfaction from reawakening from time to time the grief that was beginning to slumber. We are sorrowful over the gradual subsidence of our sorrow, and would fain bring back the very anguish from which, when the blow first fell, we ineffectually struggled for relief. Thus it is that relics of those who are lost to us have a peculiar value, and are treasured up to counteract the deadening influence of time and the distractions of a busy life.

Of course, sooner or later, the day must come when the relic, once precious, ceases to be cared for. Perhaps the hand of Death strikes down him who valued it, and reunites him to those who had gone before. Perhaps new thoughts, new passions, have gradually possessed his mind, and almost effaced the recollection of other days. Whatever may be the cause, few things are more melancholy than waifs and strays of the past, once cherished, now neglected—once regarded with love reaching almost to reverence, now scanned with an indifferent eye, and estimated strictly at their intrinsic worth. Take the case of an old family mansion passing into other hands on the death of the owner. The new-comers may be distant relatives, slightly acquainted with the deceased, but disposed to show every respect to his memory. A ponderous marble tablet is jammed into the chancel wall of the parish church, enumerating the old Squire's virtues in very tolerable English, surmounted by a bust in *alto relievo* remotely resembling the old Squire, and smiling with evident satisfaction at the handsome things said in his behalf. Or, if the new-comers chance to be of a mediæval turn, a stained glass window, populous with saints standing in a variety of extraordinary attitudes, is erected to the Squire's memory in the north transept, and casts, on every Sunday morning when the sun shines, a beautiful rainbow glow upon the countenance of the painstaking vicar. Respect for the deceased will not stop here. His favourite hunter, now past work, is turned into a piece of rough pasture down in the moor, to pass the remainder of his days, if not in luxury, at least in peace. The old Newfoundland dog is also kindly treated; but, as he proves inconsolable for the loss of his master, and howls at short intervals during the night, he is at length quietly put out of the way, and perhaps it is just as well. The old Squire's portrait is removed from the dining-room, and, having been varnished with indifferent success by an artist from the county town, is promoted to the hall, and takes its place among the family portraits with an air of calm resignation. All this is as it should be. It is pleasing to see young people who have just come into a fine property mindful of what they owe to the memory of a worthy relative, and careful to maintain the credit of a good old county family. But, of course, everything has its limits. The young Squire and his lady cannot be paying perpetual homage to what is nothing but an empty name. It will not do to show a superstitious respect for the tastes, feelings, and fancies of a man who is dead and buried. The family mansion and all that is in it belongs to the new-comers, and they intend to make themselves at home and enjoy themselves. The old Squire's *sanctum*—a pretty little room leading out of the library—would make a lovely boudoir. Clear out all the ugly old furniture; pull down those queer-looking prints and pictures, and that awkward shelf of books against the wall; confiscate that venerable Turkey carpet. There must be painting and papering, and a visit to town to select appropriate furniture. Those queer-looking prints and pictures and books—how the old man valued them! Each had a little tale of its own—each was wont to revive in his breast recollections sorrowful, yet tender. There are drawings by dear friends long dead, sketches of familiar scenery, books whose every page recalled the memory of one loved in youth, and manhood, and old age. All must, of course, vanish. But the young Squire's lady is not unfeeling. The drawings and sketches and books shall not be destroyed—no, nor even consigned to the servants' hall or lumber room. They shall be dispersed amongst the bedrooms—some in the green-room, and some in the

red. Indeed, one portrait in water colours, of a fair, blue-eyed girl with light brown hair is really so pretty that it may hang behind the door of the billiard-room. Poor old Squire! Why did he not burn that portrait? Why did he leave it to be tossed from hand to hand and room to room by strangers? He loved it too well, and gazed at it from day to day, though that fair young face summoned up a throng of painful thoughts and vain regrets. He could not bring himself to destroy it; and so there it hangs behind the billiard-room door, an object of careless comment, or a theme for light-hearted jest to the young Squire and his friends as they pause to chalk their cues or score the game. And then the quaint-looking old bureau that stood in the Squire's *sanctum*, of course it would never do in any of the best rooms. It must be hustled away to the nursery, and the next wet day the lady of the mansion can amuse herself by turning over the books and papers, and various odds and ends crammed into its multitudinous drawers and queer cupboard doors and pigeon-holes.

But there chances to be a few weeks' fine weather, and meantime the little son and heir of the new Squire, aged six, pounces with huge delight on the old bureau, and pulls out every drawer, and plays havoc with the heterogeneous contents. The large bundle of letters labelled "To be burnt," is torn open and scattered about the nursery floor. Pocket-books, and journals, and private account books are tossed out of window. But what delights the young gentleman most is a small cedar-wood desk; only, being locked, it is rather difficult to open. However, perseverance seldom fails, and, by dint of standing on a chair and letting it fall heavily to the floor, the desk bursts asunder of itself, and out drop the contents. Two or three small articles—a locket, a ring or two, a small gold cross and hair chain, a miniature of a good-looking young officer, somewhat reminding one of the old Squire's picture hanging up in the hall, with another miniature of a fair, blue-eyed girl with light brown hair—these are the contents of the cedar-wood desk; and the little son and heir, not having a taste for jewellery or the fine arts, leaves them on the floor, and turns his attention to the desk, casually crushing the locket under his heel as he does so. There is something else in the desk—a nearly empty phial, sealed up in ever so many pieces of paper, and labelled "Laudanum—poison," in sufficiently large characters. Unluckily the young gentleman's education is not very far advanced, and he cannot read the caution; so he pulls out the stopper and puts the phial to his lips, and drains off all that remains in it, which, happily for him, is but little. An hour or two afterwards there is dreadful consternation in the old family mansion; but eventually the little son and heir, after a tough struggle that nearly sent him to join the old Squire in the family vault, has somehow or other righted, and is pronounced out of danger. Well or ill, however, the affair of the bureau and its scattered contents is wholly lost sight of in the general confusion. Some of the things are huddled away in the drawers again, some are swept into the fireplace. It were well that the letters "to be burnt" had been amongst the latter; but, as fate would have it, the housemaid got hold of them, and passed many a leisure hour spelling out their contents, with the aid of the groom and the second footman. To be sure, their notion of the writer's meaning was exceedingly hazy; only it would have hurt the old Squire's feelings to have seen those cherished memorials profaned by the rude touch of grinning men-servants and giggling maids. The pocket-books and journals came to a more satisfactory end. The under-gardener picked them up on the lawn, and found them useful for lighting the greenhouse stove. As for the miniatures, they were stuffed into the cupboards of the bureau, and are forgotten to this day. The rings and the gold cross were picked up by the lady's maid, who had a quick eye for ornaments. There was a slight contention in the young woman's breast, but virtue triumphed, and she duly delivered the articles to her mistress, who graciously made her a present of the gold cross—that treasured relic of other days—as a reward for her honesty and self-denial.

The craving to preserve—or, perhaps, the morbid reluctance to destroy—visible tokens of one whom we have loved sometimes borders on monomania. A man by no means destitute of strength of mind, but of a warm, susceptible nature, lost his wife, the companion of many years. He never recovered from the blow. He could not, or would not, "wear down" his grief. The sitting-room of his wife was closed up exactly in the state in which she had left it—books, and work, and drawings lying where she had herself placed them. The room was closed up, the shutters barred, the door locked and nailed to prevent all possible ingress. Years went on, and still that room remained unopened, silent and dark. At length, for some reason, it was necessary to enter it. The spectacle may be easily imagined—all that was in the room covered with a coating of dust and dirt; cobwebs hanging from the ceiling in thick festoons; books and music mildewed and discoloured, nibbled by mice, rotting from damp. The work that had been, with wonted neatness, placed in the work-basket, is now a heap of mouldering rags, fit only to be thrown into the ash-pit. What good purpose had it served to close up this room? Better have borne the passing anguish of seeing it in daily use than have prepared for oneself so painful a spectacle and so sharp a renewal of the grief of other days.

In the West Riding of Yorkshire, not very long since, a discovery is said to have been made of a singular kind in an ancient mansion. The dining-room is circular, very large and lofty, panelled entirely from floor to ceiling—presenting the appearance of a banqueting

hall. One of the inmates of the house accidentally discovered in one of the passages a walled-up door, which, when opened, was found to communicate with a narrow passage leading to a room totally dark, without window or skylight. From its circular shape, it was conjectured to have some connexion with the dining-room before mentioned. The panelling of the dining-room was partially removed, and the room within was laid open to view. It was the orchestra of the old banqueting hall, and must have been closed up and forgotten for at least a hundred years. No one remembered its existence. There were music-stands, and on them books open at the page where the last chords were struck. A pile of music-books, all of ancient date, lay in one corner, and over the dusty floor were scattered manuscript sheets of music, yellow with age—all was just as it was left after the last night's performance. It is a matter of not uninteresting conjecture to determine why the orchestra was thus hastily and mysteriously closed up, and what was the history attaching to it? Possibly it may admit of some simple explanation, but our own ingenuity is at fault, and we must leave it to our readers to throw light upon these relics of days gone by so long and so effectually hidden from view, and of the very existence of which the family itself was ignorant.

THE COTTON SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

THE members of the Manchester Cotton Association have had a rather stormy meeting. Having done nothing themselves, they were naturally indignant that persons less interested in the matter of cotton supply had followed their example and done nothing likewise. When men of business are professedly associated together to promote an object no less important than the salvation of their trade from destruction, it is not a good omen that practical suggestions and vigorous action are found to be supplanted by empty threats to impeach a Minister who has declined to take their work out of their hands, and to displace a Government which happily rests on a sounder basis than the support of Manchester politicians. Whatever may be the case with the other sex, men seldom take to scolding unless they are consciously very much in the wrong; and the piteous complaints which the great men of Manchester indulge in against Indian officials, Bombay merchants, unenterprising ryots, and every one else besides, are a very near approach to a confession that their own course has not been dictated by the loftiest generosity or even by the most far-sighted prudence.

From the midst of frothy ebullitions of vexation, one fact emerged which deserves the most anxious consideration. After all the warnings and all the suffering of the last year, absolutely nothing has yet been done to stimulate the growth of a superior description of cotton from the almost unlimited fields of India. No one disputed that this was so. Mr. Heywood, full of the knowledge which he had picked up on his travels, had one theory about it. Mr. Cheetham had a slightly different one. Mr. Bazley, who is in earnest in the enterprise, if any one can be said to be so, acknowledged, with the deepest disappointment, the stupid apathy of all who are concerned in the supply of cotton, and half admitted the case that has been made against the wealthy mill-owners of Lancashire. Mr. Ashworth and Mr. Mason fitly wound up the proceedings by puerile threats against Sir C. Wood, on whom, according to their views, the duty to supply England with first-rate cotton exclusively falls. The leading spokesmen of the Association are gentlemen who have a right to speak with authority on the facts of the cotton crisis. They know what ought to be done, if they do not undertake the obligation of doing it; and it may safely be assumed, on the faith of their assertions, that the intensity and threatened continuance of the distress in Lancashire have called forth no counteracting effort worthy of the name. No one present at the meeting seemed to believe that the attempt to develop and improve the cultivation of cotton in India is at all hopeless, and in the face of known facts it would be strange if such an opinion had prevailed. Mr. Laing, it is true, in his anxiety to apologize for an audience of Manchester manufacturers, had lately told them that in neglecting to go into the speculation of buying Indian cotton, they had done quite right—first, because the rapidity with which it had been supposed possible to increase the Indian supply had been somewhat exaggerated; and, secondly, because, in folding their hands and suffering the trade that had made them to crumble to pieces, they were violating only a moral obligation, of which their own consciences alone could judge. But even Mr. Laing, at Manchester, felt himself bound to say that a great deal might be done to accelerate the growth of cotton in India, if persons chose to run the risk of sending out capital to buy directly from the ryots. Mr. Laing certainly takes the least cheerful view of the capabilities of India of all those who have given the public the benefit of their experience of the country; but it is important to observe that he shares in the universal belief that it lies in the power of cotton consumers to do much to accelerate the better times which, in spite of the apathy of those most concerned in the matter, are visibly though slowly approaching. This power has not been exercised and most persons will agree with Mr. Laing and the members of the Association who indorsed his opinions, that those who have neglected so great an opportunity have but forgotten a moral duty. The severest censors of the mill-owners have said no more than this, but the obligation of prudence, enterprise, and, if need be, of sacrifice to sustain a mighty fabric of industry on which they have so long thriven, is

not the less binding because it is not reckoned among the duties which positive law can enforce.

Almost all the eloquence of the speakers at the Association meeting was based on the assumption that a great duty had been neglected; and the solitary question discussed was, whether this or that class ought to be branded as the chief offenders. The Chairman and Mr. Bazley, though naturally desirous to extenuate the shortcomings of Manchester, were candid enough to include the manufacturers of cotton among those on whom the duty of struggling to meet the crisis especially devolved. Mr. Bazley complained, with the bitterness of disappointment, that everybody seemed to have determined to leave his trade, his workpeople and community, and take care of himself, pursuing an independent course which might lead to ruin. Mr. Cheetham insisted that the responsibility was divided between three equally apathetic classes—the English spinners, the Indian merchants, and the Government of Bombay. Indian merchants, he said, had developed the sugar and indigo cultivation, and had effected a far greater revolution than is needed to perfect the export cotton trade. They had been asked why they did not do with cotton what had been done with indigo, and their answer was conclusive—"We have sent English agents into the interior, and it does not pay." They can make their profit out of the regular home trade of India with the inferior cotton which is commonly produced—they are not loaded with the responsibility of crowds of operatives whom they have gathered together to amass fabulous wealth for themselves—and they very fairly say that they prefer to go on as heretofore, satisfying the easy conditions of the Indian demand, rather than embark in a troublesome and costly business for the sake of meeting a demand in the permanence of which they have no very decided faith. Surely no one can lay much to the charge of these merchants, even though it may be that they have preferred a safe but unprogressive business to a speculation which, if conducted with energy, would bring a rich reward.

If the native merchants are to stand excused, the only scapegoat left to bear the sins of the cotton consumer is the Indian Government; and the whole energy of the assembled manufacturers was directed to showing that Government agency was the only right means of improving private traffic, and that by impeaching Sir C. Wood the retribution would be brought down on the head that deserved it. The only answer, it seems, which could be extracted from the Indian Secretary to the appeals of Manchester has been, that the conduct of a trade is not the province of Government, and that, if it attempted to do the work of private enterprise, it would inevitably fail. Is this, or is it not, a valid excuse? Mr. Cheetham himself supplied the answer. He told the meeting, with perfect accuracy, that the chief difficulty was that the English purchaser did not deal with the cotton-grower. He said that the Government had pursued a course of experiments for the purpose of naturalizing the growth of exotic cotton, and inducing the ryot to consult the wants of European manufacturers. These attempts had failed in every district, but it so happened that in Dharwar—one of the fields of the Government experiment—private enterprise had triumphed where the most zealous public efforts had ended in disaster. Mr. Shaw, the gentleman alluded to, has raised the value of Dharwar cotton 80 per cent., and has induced the natives to grow his improved staple to the amount of more than 1,000,000*l.* a year; and the principle on which he went was to repudiate all Government interference, even in the shape of a purchasing agency which the authorities offered to establish for his assistance. The scene of his labours is the only district of India where, according to the testimony of the Chairman of the Cotton Supply Association, the ryot has ascertained that, by the cultivation of American seed, he receives a higher price and a larger product from the soil. There alone has the sound principle been carried out, that the cultivator should know the wishes and the wants of the consumer; or perhaps it would have been more correct to say that while the rest of India grows primarily for the Indian market, Dharwar has been placed in such relations with the English consumer as to find it more profitable to grow the kind of cotton which he requires. After the real difficulty had been so accurately stated, and the way in which it had been surmounted so candidly recognised, it does seem rather strange that the speaker should have gone on to recommend the very Government agency by the exclusion of which Mr. Shaw's experiment had prospered. There can be no more question as to what is needed. Private enterprise, to do for other districts what Mr. Shaw has done so well in his own, may be expected to solve the whole problem. But, in the same breath with which the inferiority of Government management is declared, the representative of the Manchester cotton-buyers tells us that it is for the Government, and not for private speculators, to establish the desired relations with the native grower.

It is very sad that an enterprise proved to be not only promising, but abundantly profitable, so far as it has yet been tried—known to be essential for the preservation of our cotton industry, and needing no very extraordinary effort—should be repudiated by those whose interests would seem to be most deeply involved, and who are admitted, even by their apologists, to be under the gravest of moral obligations. The only possible explanation of so strange a phenomenon is, that the cotton-spinners do not believe it to be their interest to stimulate too rapidly the supply of the raw material for their fabrics. After a year of scarcity and half work, their warehouses are still full of the accumulated produce of former years. The compulsory cessation of production has scarcely yet left room in the world for the enormous stocks which had been

created in excess of the actual demand. For a time, a cotton dearth is an absolute benefit, not only to those who have availed themselves of the state of the market to make a monstrous profit on their stores of raw material, but to all who have escaped the losses which over-production would otherwise have entailed. The indifference of the Indian cultivator to the demands of English purchasers has been justly explained by the fact that, under existing conditions, it pays him better to consult the tastes of his own less fastidious countrymen. May it not also be that the indifference of Manchester to the encouragement of cotton production, in India and elsewhere, arises from the conviction that it pays better, for the present at any rate, to have a scarcity than an abundant supply? The only persons whose interests are wholly in favour of cheap and abundant cotton are the unhappy operatives; but they can do nothing to help themselves, while those who are best able to help them think their task discharged by shifting the responsibility on to other shoulders. If Manchester really wished for cotton from India, it is difficult to believe that she would not have found the way to obtain it for herself.

SENSATION WRITERS.

A CURIOUS case has just been tried at the Old Bailey, in which a reporter—or, as it is in the language of the craft, a penny-a-liner—has been found guilty of a malicious libel, and sentenced to pay a fine of 50*l*. It seems that a well-to-do horse-dealer, named Phillips, had married a lady who is described as having been “one of the handsomest women of the day.” This peerless beauty, however, had a family drawback: she had a mother whose temper was by no means so excellent as her daughter’s person. The married couple had to wait four years for their first child, and at the interesting event of the birth of the first-born, according to the custom of married life, the mother-in-law came to assist. It has been said that one’s mother-in-law is one’s natural enemy, and there are certainly mothers-in-law who make it part of their existence to cultivate the wrongs, real or imaginary, of their married daughters. Experienced persons say that the best chance for wedded happiness is to get up a quarrel *à l’outrance* with your mother-in-law, at least in the honeymoon; it may even be attempted with success at the wedding breakfast. Unless a married man’s doors are closed once and for ever against his mother-in-law, he has only half a wife. A wife with her mother at her elbow is an incomplete bride; and the *confidante* of her tiffs, the hinter of domestic neglects, the suggester of connubial wrongs and grievances, must be got rid of by a decisive and early misunderstanding of the most serious and unequivocal description. If this, the second and most important act of matrimony, is deferred, the consequences are dreadful to the husband. The first year of wedded life is always spent, openly or covertly, in deciding whether the horse or the grey mare is to be the leader; but a husband stands no chance in this necessary struggle for the reins of wedded life, if the wife is backed by the experience of a veteran mother practised in the art of husband taming. Poor Mr. Phillips was, we can imagine, never very thick with his mother-in-law, but, in a moment of weakness, he permitted her to be present at the birth of his little stranger. This event seems to have been a matter of great solicitude to the husband, who engaged the services of two physicians of mark, and nurses of great fame and many experiences. But this was sure to be wrong. If there is any time when the powers of the gynæceum assume despotic sway, it is at an accouchement. The mother-in-law, if installed in the dictatorship of the month, appoints her own Cabinet Ministers. The priests and priestesses of Lucina must be of her selection. Her own Dr. Slop and her own Mrs. Gamp must be employed. The first overt act of the mother-in-law’s tyranny in Mr. Phillips’s household was to dismiss Mr. Phillips’s two physicians, and to instal her own in their place. Not content with this, she took into her silly head—perhaps the poor woman was mad—that Mr. Phillips had, after the birth of his child, administered poison to his wife; and she became so violent and obstreperous in her conduct that the physicians of her own choice had her turned out of the house. This was, however, too late; the mischief had been done; the poor wife had been so disturbed in body and mind that, what with cold water, and what with colder conduct, assertions that she had been poisoned by her husband, and that her child was dying, fever set in, and Mrs. Phillips died. Having the fear of the libel law now before our eyes, we shall not say that her mother killed her; but she certainly did her best to kill her son-in-law’s reputation. She went to the police, she went to the coroner, with a horrid whisper that her daughter had been murdered. Her husband had administered poison to her with his own hands, and she, the mother-in-law, would see justice done on the murderer of her poor dear lost child. This tale was so absurd on the face of it, and so devoid of a tittle of evidence to support it, that the police and the coroner declined to interfere. But so great was the passionate mother-in-law’s importunity, that she worried another coroner with her tragic tale; and, four months after Mrs. Phillips’s death, her body was exhumed, and at this inquest, which ought never to have been held, the husband was completely exculpated.

Mr. Andrew Gray, the reporter who appeared at the Old Bailey on Tuesday, enters on the scene at a very critical moment. Before the inquest was held, but after the second coroner’s decision to hold it, Mr. Gray appears. With a fine sense of the generally horrible,

and in the way of business, Mr. Gray was the first to wind a sensation subject. He belongs to an honourable and useful calling, for, as a class, reporters are remarkable for a keen sense of propriety, and a special sense of the importance of accuracy and caution; but he was so eager on the scent of a beautiful case of wife-murder, and was in such haste to be the finder of a special treasure, that he was betrayed into a very grave indiscretion. Without making inquiries either of the police or of the coroner who had declined to interfere, he adopts the mother-in-law’s statements and slanders *en bloc*; and being furnished with them by the culpable coroner’s officials, he colours up his picture with the juicy brush and free manner of an artist in such matters. In his way, Mr. Gray was said to be respectable; but his way was among accidents, offences, and the deeds of unpleasant people generally. He attended the Greenwich Police Court and Coroner’s Inquests. He “did” accidents of course, and this gave him a natural taste for horrors. He seems to have gone very nearly to assume Mr. Phillips’s guilt. It is quite plain that Mr. Andrew Gray had no motive against Mr. Phillips; but Mr. Phillips’s guilt was a matter of some interest to a reporter whose stock in trade is a good criminal case. It is a strange life this, of an accident reporter; and we are rather glad to meet in the flesh, even though at the Old Bailey, one of those gentlemen who do the bloody murder and sensation paragraph department for the cheap press. Their stock in trade is a fine flux of fine words and a copying machine, together with a supply of paper technically termed “flimsy”—not in a metaphorical sense, as regards the substance of the information which is impressed upon it, but only in relation to the thin quality of the innocent paper itself. The article produced by Mr. Andrew Gray was a model one. “Alleged Murder by a Gentleman,” was its taking title; and “Exhumation of the Body of the Deceased,” the stimulating and promising sub-title. Then the article went on in a close approach to the historical line. Mr. Phillips’s riches, his wife’s beauty, his mother-in-law’s affectionate anxiety, all were recapitulated with much verbosity and in choice newspaper tongue; but the libel, for such a jury pronounced it to be, stated as actual facts only the foolish mother-in-law’s insane surmises. “On February 12, the husband poured something out of a bottle into her mouth, which took away her breath. . . . The mother felt that her daughter had been ‘Palmerized.’” Incidentally, besides this allegation of murder, a hint of adultery was also thrown out in the article; and all this Mr. Andrew Gray, purveyor of news, sold to the *Weekly Times* and *Weekly Dispatch*, stating to the sub-editor of the former journal that he had “made himself acquainted with the facts.” Both these journals inserted this Sensation Article. The *Weekly Dispatch* afterwards apologized, but the *Weekly Times* gave up Mr. Andrew Gray to Mr. Phillips’s solicitor.

Of the authorship of this libel Mr. Andrew Gray was found guilty on Tuesday last, and has been fined 50*l*.—a lesson to every newspaper-writer which will not be without its value. The proprietors of the *Weekly Times*, we think, did right in the very unusual course of giving up a reporter. Probably they felt that the profession itself would stand better if a careless and hasty person such as Mr. Andrew Gray was made an example of. Newspaper proprietors are very much at the mercy of their subordinates; and in the keen competition of the newspaper press to be the proprietors of an early edition of a good murder, the temptation to a needy sensation writer to be the first and the most explicit vendor, or even author, of facts, is great. Mr. Andrew Gray’s counsel told the jury that, in his client’s person, the sacred cause of the liberty of the press was at stake, and went so far as to argue that Mr. Phillips ought to have been much obliged to Mr. Gray for the opportunity of showing that he was not a murderer and adulterer. According to the “able and energetic” orator, therefore, it is the duty of the British press to enshrine in the immortality of type any piece of “information which reaches” such as Mr. Andrew Gray, no matter whose life, fortune, honour and peace such information compromises. There is the rumour—that is undeniable—a washerwoman or a mad woman gave us the information. Having access to a coroner’s clerk, who furnishes us with all the *ex-parte* statements which ought to be kept officially secret and private, we somehow get hold of the fact that somebody says he, or she, had reason to believe that somebody has murdered somebody. We are bound to print it. It is a duty to society to print whatever somebody says, or is ready to swear that he or she believes to be truth. The ends of justice have often been assisted by printing such reports. No matter if now and then you happen to hit the wrong man and to denounce as a very likely murderer, and not improbable adulterer, a respectable and innocent person. This is, we believe, Mr. Gordon Bennett’s theory of journalism. Mr. Andrew Gray’s trial will do something to prevent this theory spreading very far here in England. Already it exists; and it is acted upon more or less as cheap newspapers multiply. We deprecate the introduction of this peculiar domestic institution of America—still more do we protest against that view which discovers a moral beauty and a social benefit when the spoken slander of a fool develops into a printed libel of “our reporter.” If Mr. Andrew Gray’s mishap, attended as it is with serious consequences to a poor man, teaches him and his fellow-craftsmen sobriety in language, measure in statement, and a little more care in investigating alleged facts, poor Mr. Phillips’s private wrong will become a public gain. At any rate, the reporter’s punishment—for punishment it is, to have been fined for libel and to stand in the dock—will

do some good to writers of this sort. Their ready steel pen will be blunted for a season; the fear of the Old Bailey will check their exuberant fancy for the future; and if they listen to the severe warning administered by the Common Serjeant, they will not be so ready to print the next mischievous woman's gabble they pick up, by backstairs influence with the coroner's clerks.

Let sensation writers take another warning. We owe to some little sympathy with Mr. Gray for another reason. There are worse than he, who will never stand at the bar of the Old Bailey; we mean those literary gentlemen who are hardened criminals in the matter of the English language, who break the Queen's English—who defile and deprave human speech. Mr. Gray wrote a sensation article, but he did not use very superfine newspaper language. One unlucky newspaper reporter having appeared at the Central Criminal Court, we wish that an indictment could be framed against those who commit an offence which is almost more serious—namely, against the public peace of educated men. If a sensation writer had but to stand in the pillory for false, scandalous, malicious, and defamatory libels on their mother tongue, Mr. Andrew Gray's punishment might not be deemed too heavy. As it is, he was very indiscreet, and perhaps very needy, and he certainly meant no harm, though he did a great deal of harm. Your regular writers of newspaper English—the gentlemen who witness “the devastating effects of the fiery element,” who have seen many a scoundrel “launched into eternity,” and whose pen delights to chronicle those words of wisdom which perennially distil with Nestor-like gravity and honeyed speech from the lips of “worthy magistrates”—these culprits, we fear, are above the law; and to them Mr. Andrew Gray's sad fate will be no warning.

NATIONAL CATALOGUES AT THE EXHIBITION.—AUSTRIA.

THE place Austria has taken in the International Exhibition is highly to her honour, and only serves to increase the wonder felt by every traveller at the contrast between the practical energy of her people and the stupid obstructiveness of her Government. Of course, it is greatly to the interest of Austria that her producing power should be known to the world, and especially to Englishmen. The tendencies of her legislation and the exclusiveness of her tariffs present difficulties to the extension of her commerce, though these are as nothing in comparison with that greatest of all drawbacks to the development of national wealth caused by the absorption of capital in fruitless armaments, and the withdrawal of the sinews and human energy of a nation from productive occupations to the idleness of military life. These things have weighed down the commercial strength of Austria. But the energy of her people is not broken; and no one can go through her section of the Exhibition, with the admirable Catalogue in his hand, and be unconscious of the appeal Austria is there making to the respect, and the claim she urges to her share of the commerce of the world outside of her. The remarkable catalogues in which her produce is described may be taken as illustrations of the eagerness and care with which Austrian manufacturers have thrown themselves into the commercial competition in London; and they serve also to show that the spontaneous energy of those most interested in the proper representation of national industry can produce a result of far more value than the most complete organization restricted and controlled by a government.

The French Catalogue is not quite as valueless as the miserable list of names that is called the British Catalogue; but that of Austria is a valuable epitome of her industry, and contains a collection of the statistics of the Empire in a form by no means dreary to encounter. This Catalogue may be bought for the price of one shilling, in English, French, or German. The English translation is not always entirely intelligible, though it is sufficiently so to serve its purpose; but it has what is in one sense the merit, that it was obviously not written or corrected by any other than a German hand. The printing is perfect, for it is from the Imperial printing press, perhaps the best in Europe. The paper, tinted of a blue grey for the French, and of a pleasant pinkish cream colour for the English volume, is itself a novelty. It is produced from maize fibre; and the different catalogues present paper in which this fibre of maize is in different states of admixture with that of cotton and of linen, or is employed in the unmixed state of both bleached and unbleached. As far as the quality goes, the material seems admirable; but, unfortunately, it would appear that as yet at least, it lacks the one essential element of new paper fibre—the power to compete in price with the ordinary materials.

Nearly fifty pages of introductory matter are devoted to a general survey of the condition, social, political, and commercial of the Austrian Empire. This is drawn up by direction of an imperial committee, formed for the occasion; and, as might be expected in the present position of Austrian politics, the efforts of the writer to present Austria to the world as a liberal government, ever striving to give more liberal institutions to the nations it controls, are highly amusing; but, at the same time, that such efforts should be made at all speaks volumes for the consciousness on the part of the Austrian Government of the position it ought to fill. That the German element should preponderate in this polyglot Empire is the natural consequence of intellectual supremacy, though the statistical returns of population exhibit, in a total of rather above thirty-six millions, but eight and a quarter millions of Germans. The inhabitants of Hungary amount to above ten millions, five of whom are Magyars; Transylvania is

peopled by two millions; while six millions of Szecks, Moravians, and Slovaks—inhabitants of Bohemia and Moravia—nearly three millions Russniaks, and three millions of Italians, are among the larger items that contribute to the total sum.

Of this great conglomerate of peoples, two-thirds are declared by the Government returns to be Roman Catholics. The languages and dialects in which instruction is given in the primary schools amount to no less than nineteen, in ten of which printed school-books are exhibited—a fact which every liberal critic will take into consideration in estimating the vast difficulties of government in a land peopled by so many races. Austria, indeed, might well assert for herself the character of an empire, in the sense of a union of many nationalities under a single crown; but the efforts so pertinaciously pursued even by her most liberal German statesmen to centralize everything in such an empire, can only end in bitter hatred and in failure. To a looker-on it seems a political madness to attempt to merge all the national traditions and the prescriptive rights of so many peoples in one central government, wherein the intellectual ascendancy of the German element will always be asserting itself, and must always be coming into collision with the jealous patriotism of nationalities too vast to be put down; for no single nationality, not even that of the Germans, possesses the numerical preponderance requisite to carry out the moral, much less the physical conquest of the rest. It is with some bewilderment, then, that one reads in these semi-official pages that Austria is “a constitutional monarchy”—that she has her Lords and Commons, her partial and her total councils of the empire—that religion is free and unfettered by partialities in political rights—that personal liberty is inviolate, and birth imparts no prerogative that is recognised in the appointments to the service of the State. We are not told of a *concordat*, nor is a whisper of a smouldering state of semi-war between eight millions of Germans and the sixteen millions of Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia, and Italy, with the covert sympathies of the remaining eight millions of Austrian subjects, heard under the western dome of the International Exhibition.

Be it so. Our business is with Austrian productions. Yet we cannot help reading with some wonder that there is liberty of trade and commerce in Austria, even though we find the assertion qualified by the statements that prohibition has given place to protection in the tariffs, and that, while there are now very few licensed trades, such do exist in the case of circulating libraries and reading-rooms, building trades, the sale of arms and powder, inns and taverns, commercial travellers, pedlars, butchers in the military border, and the press. The motley empire thus wears its best face towards the London world of 1862. But, if reports be not false, even here all is not the homogeneous and concordant whole the Catalogue would have us see in it. It is whispered that more than one nationality is discontented at the sifting its produce underwent at German hands in Vienna. However this may be, few impartial persons will hesitate in saying that the Austrian peoples make a show in London out of all proportion, as compared with other nations, to the commercial importance of their present dealings with the world; while there is no one who will not be ready to accept, as a happy augury of a future commerce, the productive power to which Austria here lays claim, and the practical energy to which her exhibition and her catalogue are alike unequivocal witnesses.

The most important industry, as regards the external trade of Austria, consists in her glass, her fine iron ware, and the coarser quality of “fancy goods;” each of which represents production for foreign use of about a million sterling. Finer varieties of woollen fabrics go out of Austria to the amount of about three-quarters of a million; while in linen, and even in cotton woven manufactures, she is an exporting country. Apparently, Germany is her largest customer, but she has a mercantile marine of her own of some 220,000 tons, exclusive of her coasting trade, while the commerce of her harbours is represented by a tonnage, foreign and home, of some three and a half millions of tons. Her exports of raw material are of great importance, although it is Germany that, for the most part, consumes them. Corn and wine, indeed, are already large items of export which we may well hope to see annually sent from the empire, and more particularly from Hungary, in increasing quantities to the nations of Western and Northern Europe. Hops are an important production of Bohemian soil, and meet the ever-increasing demand of Germans for that gently stimulating and largely consumed beverage, beer. Fruits of various kinds are also largely exported to the States of the Zollverein. That vendors of chocolate and of coffee flourish, one might expect in a land where a good cup of the latter is as universal as a bad one is with us. But a sentence like the following—proposed, and, we presume, composed by a firm denominated Jordan & Timæus, will show—that it is not in England only that other materials than the pure berry of the “*Coffea arabica*” are employed to profane its fragrant name:—

The manufactory of succedanea for coffee, provided with a steam-engine of 12 horse power, is working up on the best raw materials, as succery root and turnips, with addition of genuine coffee, cacao or figs (according to the price of the fabricated sort), and is continually endeavouring to satisfy any equitable claims respecting the quality of the articles brought into commerce.

The first part of this advertisement is, indeed, intelligible. But what the “equitable claims” may imply seems somewhat more difficult to interpret. Is it that redress is promised to the weaker stomachs that may suffer internal pains from the imbibing of so dreadful a concoction as turnips and figs crushed up and

browned with succory root and cacao till they have acquired a flavour which you may "make believe very much" and fancy to be coffee?

It is not fair, perhaps, to criticize too closely the English dress in which the Austrian Catalogue has been arranged. On the whole, if it is not precisely vernacular, it has the merit of presenting to us in some places a view of what English would have been if it had been the language of the philosophic German people. We thank Mr. Lössel, Knight, engineer and medallist, inventor of the Isopedical Ground Relievs, for a specimen of this kind of English. After describing the manner in which he represents by his relieves the different elevations of a country, and after stating that its "thorough usefulness for professional, scientific, and technological purposes is self-evident," he continues:—"With the incomparable advantage of both an exact mathematical and plastically ocular objectivity, it may be laid down as a basis for all plans of building railways, roads, canals, river-regulations, water-powers, well-conduits, cultures, drainages, mining works, fortifications, &c., and herein it is essentially different from the usual geoplastic or only typographic representations. Moreover, its application is independent of time, and in general always alike." It takes one's breath away! Nevertheless, this Austrian Catalogue ought to be in the hands of everyone who would inspect the Austrian Courts with advantage, or who would occupy a quiet half-hour with the consideration of the extent, the polity, the productions, and the prospects of the Austrian Empire.

The Zollverein Catalogue is a mere shopkeeper's list, admirably suited to its commercial purpose, but with no interest for any one who is not a shopkeeper. There is, however, one official Catalogue of the minerals and the mining and metallurgic industries of Germany, which is liberally given to all whose pursuits furnish a claim, or even an excuse, for asking for it, and which is by far the best catalogue in the whole Exhibition. It was compiled by Dr. Hermann Wedding, under the direction of Von Dechen himself, and is most honourable to both these conspicuous men. We thank the veteran Haidinger for his efforts, so successfully and excellently carried through, for the exhibition of Austrian mining industry and geological research by the Geological Institute, in which he is what De la Beche was to our English Institution in Jermyn Street; but we cannot help regretting that Austria was not included in the Zollverein, so that her splendid mineral wealth might have found a place in the masterly catalogue of Dr. Wedding.

THE LAST TWO DAYS AT DONCASTER.

WHETHER we look at the sport or at the attendance, the meeting of this year must be regarded as the greatest ever held at Doncaster. The opinion universally expressed was, that the race for the St. Leger was unsurpassed by any spectacle of the kind. For half a century to come, the story of that contest will be told, and those who witnessed it will, as long as they live, remember the grandeur of the final struggle and the violence of the excitement which it caused. For the sixteenth time has the Whitewell stable trained a winner of the St. Leger, and never did consummate skill and untiring diligence better deserve that splendid prize.

It must be owned that the interest of the two following days was slightly diminished by the overpowering prowess of that remarkable horse, Tim Whiffler. A new race had been established this year for a Plate given by members of the Private Stand, and the entry for it included about a dozen of the most prominent performers on the turf. But when the time came for the start on Thursday, some of these horses were thought by their owners to have no chance at all; and others, who might have had a chance, were reserved for fear of spoiling their chance for the greater honour of the Doncaster Cup, which was to be run for on the following day. Tim Whiffler, however, was ready to run to-day, and would be ready to run again to-morrow. Indeed, that spare wiry horse, made of nothing but bone and muscle, looks as if no quantity of work could make any difference to him. He found only two opponents, one of whom was Asteroid, the winner of the Ascot Cup. When Sir Joseph Hawley bought Asteroid, he displayed his usual correct judgment, for the horse is nearly, if not quite the best four-year-old now running, and as a trial horse his services to his owner's stable must be invaluable. Whether we go by looks, or by style of moving, or by performances, we must pronounce Asteroid a horse of the very highest quality. As Sir Joseph Hawley started the horse and backed him, he no doubt expected him to win; but Tim Whiffler beat him in a race at Ascot, and he beat easily at Goodwood Zetland, who ran Asteroid very hard for the Ascot Cup. In fact, after Tim Whiffler had won the Goodwood Cup as he did, it was difficult to tell where to find a horse fit to make a race with him. However, if there were no differences of opinion, racing as well as other methods of competition would languish. It was fair enough to match the winner of the Ascot against the winner of the Goodwood Cup at one stone one pound difference of weight for a year's difference in age. The only other starter for the Private Stand Plate was Silkstone, a three-year-old filly, who could not be supposed to have any chance at all. The course was about two miles in length. For the first mile and a half Asteroid was indulged with the lead, an arrangement which it is understood that he prefers. To Tim Whiffler all places as well as all paces seem alike. He was going as free and jolly as could be. If Asteroid went faster, he went faster; and

if Asteroid checked his pace, so did he. After the first mile and a half it was time to set more decisively to work, so Tim Whiffler now closed with Asteroid, and raced with him neck and neck to the distance-post, where Asteroid had had enough of it. Tim Whiffler then drew away from him, and won the race easily. Wells urged Asteroid to the utmost, until he saw that it was of no use, while Bullock had merely to let Tim Whiffler go, and the inexhaustible strength and transcendent speed of the horse sufficed to do the rest. A more easy and complete victory was never seen. So far as can be judged, Tim Whiffler is not only the best horse of the year, but the best that has been seen for several years. If he goes on as he is now doing, there will be nothing left on the Turf to try against him.

If The Marquis had run for the Doncaster Cup he would have had to carry a penalty of 7 lbs. for winning the St. Leger. As Tim Whiffler incurred the same penalty by winning the Goodwood Cup, the horses would have been upon equal terms. But it was determined by the owner of The Marquis to remain content with Wednesday's triumph, and the horse was sent home before the meeting finished. If any horse can tackle Tim Whiffler it must be The Marquis, and it is to be hoped that an opportunity may be found for them to meet on even terms. This great meeting at Doncaster would have been greater still if this exciting incident had found place in it. However, Mr. Merry resolved to start Buckstone, who, as second in the St. Leger, incurred a penalty of only 3 lbs., so that Tim Whiffler would carry 4 lbs. more than Buckstone. It was said that Mr. Merry backed his horse freely; but the reputation of Tim Whiffler stood so high that odds were laid on him. Among the other starters were Wallace, who distinguished himself in the Goodwood Cup last year by running hard to make a pace for Starke, the winner; Zetland, who was second this year for both the Ascot and the Goodwood Cups, and Carisbrook, who received full notice in our account of the St. Leger. It is superfluous to mention the other starters, for really the only question was whether Buckstone could do anything with Tim Whiffler. As Fordham was to ride Wallace, the conduct of this experiment was given to Edwards, and of course Bullock, as usual, rode Tim Whiffler. The career of victory which this lucky mount has opened to Bullock can have few parallels in the history of the Turf. It pleased Tim Whiffler or his rider, on this occasion, to make running all the way. His look as he went past the Stand, with his ears cocked as if he enjoyed the fun, must have been anything but comforting to those who had been able to persuade themselves to back Buckstone. In the St. Leger, Carisbrook had taken a strong lead, either to serve himself or to serve a friend; but he did not try the same game here. After running about two miles, Bullock eased his horse, and allowed his pursuers to come up with him. It was just following Bill Scott's notion of how to win upon this course:—"I like to get a pull at my horse, and then go on again. Where's the use of quality, if you can't make use of it?" When Tim Whiffler went on again, only three competitors remained with him. Of these Wallace was the first beaten. Zetland ran, as he always runs, well. That is a horse which is sure not to disappoint his backers for anything within his compass. Buckstone rushed past Zetland, and for the second time at Doncaster was called upon by all the incentives known to jockeys to put forth his utmost powers. Nor did the horse refuse to justify his owner's confidence in his gameness. He made another effort, almost equal to that which did him so much honour in the St. Leger. But this time the effort was quite in vain; he could never reach Tim Whiffler, who won quite easily by a length, carrying, as we will once more mention, 4 lbs. more than Buckstone. Either the other horses of the year are bad, or Tim Whiffler is extraordinarily good. Some persons hold the former opinion—we hold the latter.

The astonishing ease with which Tim Whiffler gained these victories on successive days does not leave much room for doubt what would have been the result of the Derby and St. Leger races if he had been entered for them. He can give Buckstone 4 lbs. and beat him, whereas it is doubtful whether The Marquis can. Still, although the St. Leger was only won by a head, it is probable that if the winning-post had been ten yards farther distant it would have been won by more, for The Marquis appeared rather less used-up than Buckstone. It was thought, too, in some quarters, that Challoner was rather too thrifty of his horse's power, and that he erred a little in the opposite direction to Ashwall, who, on the Derby, was too prodigal. In both these races the prudent course, no doubt, would be, if possible, to keep a little in hand, and not to expend the horse's power utterly in riding against any one opponent. But if The Marquis and Tim Whiffler were to start for any race, they need not now be anxious about any more than one opponent each; and in a match between the two horses The Marquis would have nothing to do except to keep alongside of Tim, if he could. No doubt The Marquis's owner exercised a wise discretion in withdrawing him from the Cup race, considering that he had been in the mill all the year preparing for his successive efforts at Newmarket, Epsom, and Doncaster. We must, however, express our earnest hope that the question as to the relative merit of these two horses may, at some convenient time, be brought to a decisive test. A match between them would excite almost equal interest with that famous match between The Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur, which many witnesses now remember as vividly as they do last week's St. Leger. If The Marquis cannot make a good race with Tim Whiffler, the only other name that can be mentioned is Caller Ou, who at her best is capable of a great deal.

But then Caller Ou is a fickle jade, who seems to delight in disappointing those who trust to her. On the whole, Tim Whiffler is not unlikely to remain peerless. Lord William Powlett, who bought him at Ascot of Mr. Jackson, deserved a turn of luck at Doncaster, and he has had it. We say he deserved a turn of luck, because it was he who bought on very high terms Promised Land, who was made favourite for the St. Leger in 1859, and cut up so ingloriously when John Scott scored his fifteenth victory with Gamester. A part of the price paid on that occasion by Lord William Powlett was to throw in, as not being of much account, Dulcibella, whose name has since become tolerably well known. Dulcibella is now the property of Lord Stamford, and was expected to run for the Great Yorkshire Stakes at Doncaster. It was reported that she had been tried very favourably with Wallace, and upon this information a rush was made into the market by speculators, who backed the mare to such an extent that when Lord Stamford himself attempted to back her, he could get nothing like a fair price. As his stable secrets had been thus made public property, he determined to remind the public that his horses at any rate were his own, and so he refused to let Dulcibella start, leaving the disappointed speculators to regret that for once they had got up a little too early in the morning.

The interest of a visit to Doncaster is by no means confined to the races. The sales of blood stock by Mr. Tattersall and other auctioneers in the horse market would be worth a journey thither in themselves. The circle of bidders and spectators comprises all that is distinguished in the sporting world, and many who are great elsewhere. We may be sure that among the yearling horses which form successively the centre of that circle are some whose names the contests of 1864 will make familiar to the mouths of everybody. If Jack Frost should fulfil the expectations which his price indicates, the future favourite for the Derby has certainly the advantage of bearing a handy and homely name. He came from the hands of the same breeder who sent both Dundee and Kettledrum to market in the same year. The Knight of Snowdon went for even a higher price than Jack Frost, and Forager for rather less, the price of the last-named colt being 800 guineas. Forager was bought by Lord St. Vincent, who also owns Lord Clifden, whose running at Doncaster and elsewhere indicates that he can hardly miss next year's Derby if he keeps well. Forager and three other yearlings, "the property of a nobleman," sold better than any other lot, for they fetched an average price of 565 guineas. The "nobleman" whose breeding speculation has been thus successful was no other than the eloquent chief of the Conservative party, who, if he cannot himself win the great race which bears his name, has at any rate done something to promote the winning of it by others. The horse market at Doncaster is a subject well worthy of some artist who excels at once in painting horses and those who deal in them. A conspicuous place in such a picture should be given to the venerable Sir Tatton Sykes, who, being upwards of ninety years of age, still retains a large part of that physical vigour which displayed itself in his younger years in so many remarkable exploits. It will be a great change at Doncaster when the familiar figure of Sir Tatton Sykes is no longer seen in the horse market and the ring.

In the Park Hill Stakes for three-year-old fillies, John Scott's representative, Hurricane, had the same difference of a head against her as The Marquis had in his favour in the St. Leger. Here again the truth of public running as a test of merit was shown by the victory of Impératrice, who beat Hurricane for the Oaks, and beat her again here. It is curious that Lord Glasgow's stable should have taken third honours, both for the St. Leger and Park Hill Stakes. This last-named race ended in a splendid struggle between the three placed fillies, and it might well have deserved longer notice, if the memory of its incidents had not been partially effaced by the all-absorbing interest of the question which stood for decision directly afterwards, between Buckstone and Tim Whiffler. During the four days of this meeting, race followed race with such rapidity that there was no time to dwell on the particulars of many contests good enough to have made, taken each by itself, the reputation of a smaller meeting. There was Lord Clifden winning the race which The Marquis won last year. To "take stock" accurately of Lord Clifden and his principal competitors, would be a fortune to any speculator whose judgment should not deceive him. Then there were the great autumn handicaps at Newmarket, from which a "line" might reasonably be expected from the running at Doncaster, either of probable competitors, or of horses trained in the same stables. The highly creditable manner in which Silkstone managed to live with Asteroid and Tim Whiffler on Thursday, promoted her immediately into the place of first favourite for the Cesarewitch.

The mind of the visitor to Doncaster must be strongly impressed both with the magnitude of the transactions of the turf, and with the complexity and delicacy of the considerations which are adverted to in regulating them. The management of the races, which is really very near perfection, is doubtless the result of long experience, and of steady devotion of all the faculties to a single subject; for we venture to conjecture that the municipal authorities of Doncaster have not much else to occupy their time. So far as we could observe, the opposition which used to be organized against the races has been abandoned lately as a hopeless task. There was, a few years ago, a highly respected inhabitant of Doncaster, who, after a most successful career as a solicitor in London, had sought in his native place an agreeable retirement, and a suitable field for the propagation of strong Evangelical

opinions. It will give a great idea of this gentleman's spirit of enterprise when we mention that he undertook the abolition of Doncaster races as not being absolutely beyond the power of his influence to accomplish. Obviously such a proposal was nearly equivalent to one for abolishing Doncaster itself. The Town Council professed the most profound respect for their able and distinguished townsman; but really they could hardly go to the length of rubbing themselves out even in deference to his opinion. A sort of compromise appears to have been arrived at—that he should say what he pleased, and they would do what they pleased. The most ample facilities were afforded for preaching and placarding against the races, and the races were managed more energetically and prosperously than ever. We believe that now the opposition is extinct, or that it is maintained only by a portion of the residents, who go away and let their houses during the races, doubtless charging a high rent for them, and perhaps dropping casually in corners a few tracts bearing awakening titles.

To attempt to stop Doncaster races would be a good deal like mopping up the sea. It is not alone the number of persons collected upon the Town Moor, but their deep and intelligent interest in the proceedings which gives to this meeting its distinctive character. Almost any rough countryman you may pick out will give you, if you can understand him, a valuable opinion upon the merits of the horses which canter past. The crowd which assembles on the Town Moor on the early morning is probably the best available tribunal for deciding the claims of rival favourites. Neither great names nor wealth bias these outspoken judgments, which are given upon the horses as they appear and move. It is not, however, all judgments that are outspoken, for many a keen-sighted observer is treasuring up his thoughts for his own use. No doubt the company at Newmarket is equally critical; but there it is very much smaller. We miss there the farmer from the Wolds, who rode as soon as he could walk, and has seen and remembers every St. Leger day for forty years. Such a man can tell you how a race was lost and won, as well as the most practised observer among those who never miss an important meeting. The breaking-up of such an assemblage as that of Doncaster is almost worth staying there to witness. The shopkeepers, whose entire faculties have been concentrated on the preparing and vending of eatables, drinkables, and—if we may coin a word—smokeables, count their gains and measure their unsold stock, and look forward over the blank waste of uneventful days which separates them from the Spring Meeting. The nocturnal artificers of plum-bread and pies go to bed, we should hope, for at least a week. The road to the railway station and the open ground in front of it is thronged with race-horses awaiting transport to their various training quarters. Here is a van drawn by horses containing the expected winner of next year's Derby, whose precious limbs must not be exposed even to the slight risk of harm in a walk through the town. There is a string of Sir Joseph Hawley's horses—Cowley who won the Great Yorkshire Stakes, Argonaut, who was backed for the St. Leger, Moorhen, who is backed for the Cesarewitch, and one or two younger things which no doubt were purchased in the Horse Market. With a last look at these and other graceful shapes, visitors take their places in the train, discussing the past and striving to penetrate into the future, applauding Tim Whiffler's performances a little, and studying a great deal that printed list of acceptances which may possibly suggest to them "a good thing for the Cesarewitch."

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE.*

IN finishing his history, M. Thiers has completed a monument which is likely to last as long as Frenchmen idolize warlike glory. No other writer has done so much to propagate his own conviction that military skill is the highest of human qualities, and national supremacy the noblest of public objects. Fortunate alike in his hero and his audience, M. Thiers records for his sympathizing countrymen the exploits of the greatest general and conqueror of modern times. As Napoleon is universally allowed to have been a consummate master of the art of war, it was unnecessary for his enthusiastic eulogist to prove that in all his varied campaigns he scarcely committed a mistake. If the Emperor had continued to bind fortune to the wheels of his chariot, one attendant at least on his triumph would never have interrupted its progress by the utterance of the gentlest remonstrance. Against the ambition which overran the Continent, striking down Austria, Prussia, and Russia in quick succession, M. Thiers has nothing to say. The earliest hint of moral criticism which is to be found in his work faintly refers to the imprudence, rather than to the shameless perfidy, of Napoleon's ill-omened plot against Spain. The invasion of Russia, which accelerated his decline, and the refusal of the Austrian proposals, which precipitated his fall, are denounced in language of ostensible censure and of unaffected regret. It is only when the Empire totters towards its fall, that the Liberal historian discovers the inherent vices of despotism. It was necessary to account by some theory for the overthrow of the gigantic fabric, and the faultless general is accordingly denounced as a mistaken politician. "I find it possible," says M. Thiers, "to love freedom, and yet to be just to a despot." Half the assumption

* *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire.* Par A. Thiers. Tome XX.

may be readily conceded if justice consists in extreme and indiscriminate admiration. The love of freedom is illustrated by the successful efforts of twenty years to inculcate upon the present generation of Frenchmen the worship of Napoleon and his system. The conventional protests against tyranny may be reduced to the doctrine that the Imperial absolutism was too complete to be permanent; and the French reader soon discovers that, even in a modified objection to despotism, his instructor is scarcely sincere. The Empire is shown to have fallen through the extravagance of Napoleon's foreign enterprises, and not because he engrossed all power at home.

M. Thiers denounces six conspicuous errors in the political conduct of his hero. The rupture of the Peace of Amiens; the attempt to establish a universal monarchy after defeating the three Great Powers of the Continent; the treaty of Tilsit; the seizure of Spain; the invasion of Russia; and the refusal of the Austrian offers at Prague, in 1813—such were undoubtedly the main causes of his overthrow. In all these cases, his imprudence was suggested by unjust ambition, and the dethronement of the Spanish Bourbons involved one of the basest of crimes; yet if it were possible for an historian to be strictly dispassionate, he might perhaps be justified in tracing the course and the consequences of events without reference to moral considerations. It is allowable to follow the fortunes of a reckless gambler down to the inevitable loss of his final stake; but M. Thiers only laments the infatuation of the player who refused to leave off a winner. The victims who were previously ruined are only noticed because it was destined that they should have their revenge. The plunder of Germany, the anarchy of Spain, and the atrocious detention of Englishmen who had trusted to the hospitality of France, were evils not less deserving of compassion than the exile of Elba, or the imprisonment of St. Helena. Drawing his narrative exclusively from French sources, M. Thiers has probably never become acquainted with the misery and the bitter indignation which tormented Europe during the continuance of the Imperial power. The extravagances which he condemns are the only redeeming feature of a tyranny which might have otherwise become universal and permanent. The few intelligent Frenchmen who retain a regard for freedom are indebted to the wild and insatiable rashness of Napoleon for the thirty years of constitutional government which stand alone in the annals of France. If the conqueror could have been satisfied after Austerlitz, after Jena, or after Friedland, the eloquence, the statesmanlike ability, and the literary genius of the next generation would have been suppressed under a stern and pervading despotism. In the compulsory leisure of his later years, Napoleon amused himself with harmless fancies of the mildly paternal rule which he would have exercised in time of peace. He would have travelled through his dominions with his wife and son to inspect the condition of his people, and to redress their grievances, if not with the sleepy good humour of Béranger's King of Yvetot, yet, as he said himself, "like the Merovingians of old, in a car drawn by oxen." He would have summoned assemblies of his subjects, and allowed them freedom to oppose his measures. Even in his day-dreams it is evident that Napoleon tacitly assumed that, after a benevolent tolerance of conflicting opinions, his own will must have been supreme and final. There can be no doubt that in practice his restless activity would have encroached even more closely on the small residue of individual or corporate independence. Peace could not have diminished his antipathy to political discussion in the press, or modified his contempt for orators and debaters, whom he always stigmatized as a pack of advocates. He might have favoured science, but he would never have tolerated a literature worthy of the name. Within his own dominions, perfect internal tranquillity prevailed during his reign, and yet the absolutism of his rule became more stringent as he felt himself safer on his throne. If he had ceased to spend half his time in the field, he would only have had more leisure to govern and to restrain. The liberation of France could only be accomplished by the catastrophe which his eulogist so earnestly deploras.

As a literary composition, the *History of the Consulate and the Empire* is unsurpassed in sustained animation and in lucidity of style. Although the best French critics question the classical purity of M. Thiers's language, ordinary readers cannot but feel grateful to an author who in twenty volumes never perplexes them with a complicated sentence, and seldom tires out their attention. It is perhaps impossible, in recording twenty years of battles, to be perfectly exempt from monotony; and the deliberate adoption of national prejudices not unfrequently expresses itself in a somewhat ludicrous mannerism. A laborious critic might furnish a valuable comment on the work by counting up the number of occasions on which the verb *culbuter*, or *knock head over heels*, represents the relation of French troops to their various opponents. In the majority of battles, of combats, and of separate charges, the enemy is *culbuté*; and in the remaining instances, he might, could, or should have suffered the same inconvenience, if some officer had not mistaken some order, or if some other accident had not intervened. If water is near at hand, the phrase is varied by the figurative expression of "throwing into" the river or the sea. On a hundred occasions the historian, after stating the number of the French troops at any particular spot, asserts, almost in the same words, that they were fully sufficient to *culbuter*, or *balayer*, or *jeter dans la mer* the superior forces of the enemy. Foreigners, unwillingly learning their liability to be swept from the earth or pitched into the water, are additionally irritated by the use of the personal pronoun which identifies the author with his country, with its

army, and with any brigade which may chance to be engaged. *We* means M. Thiers himself, and it also means France under Napoleon, and the grand army in general, and each of its separate parts. Though lovers of liberty, *we* do justice to the Emperor; *we* declared war against Austria or Russia; and *we* never failed on the first opportunity to knock their forces head-over-heels. The objectionable idiom is not unknown in other languages, but it is more tolerable when it is used as a colourless form, and not associated with obtrusive national boasting. Notwithstanding drawbacks of this kind, the *History* has almost every merit which is compatible with habitual indifference to certain kinds of truth. M. Thiers is reported to have said that he wrote for Frenchmen, and that Englishmen, or other foreigners, were at liberty to tell their own story in turn. It might have been answered, that a one-sided narrative is not even partially true. A judge who summed up before hearing the witnesses for the defendant would be guilty of precisely the same injustice which an historian commits when he deliberately disregards hostile evidence. When M. Thiers asserts that the English army at Waterloo had been trained through twenty years of war, and that they were justly proud of their exploits in Spain, he misrepresents, with culpable levity, the whole character of a battle which was mainly fought, on the English side, by militiamen and raw recruits.

No part of Napoleon's military career has been so fully discussed as his short campaign of 1815. The utter destruction of the army on the fourth day from the commencement of operations must be attributed to some fatal error, either of judgment or execution. The only controversy is between the Emperor and his lieutenants, nor is it possible to acquit Napoleon without convicting Ney both of hesitation and of ruinous temerity, and Grouchy of imbecile perversity. It is also a question whether the entire plan of campaign was not fundamentally erroneous, as the combined forces of Wellington and Blücher outnumbered the French by nearly 80,000 men. If the success of Ligny had been repeated at Waterloo, the allies would have renewed the struggle behind the forest of Soignies, and even if a series of battles had ended in a complete French victory, the Russians and Austrians would, in the meantime, have advanced upon Paris from the eastern frontier without serious opposition. Having determined to assume the offensive in Belgium, Napoleon commenced the campaign with consummate skill and energy. The most unfavourable critics admit that down to June 15 he is not to be charged with a single error or oversight. On the previous evening the whole army was concentrated in the immediate neighbourhood of the enemy, while neither of the hostile generals was yet aware in what direction the storm was to burst. Early in the morning he broke up from his head quarters at Beaumont, and before night he was in front of the Prussian army at Ligny, close to the great road between Namur and Brussels. His left wing, consisting of more than 40,000 men, had moved to intercept at Quatre Bras the communication which the allies might have established by the same road; and Ney, arriving in the course of the day from Paris, was sent to assume the command on the left, and to hold the English in check. It is at this point that the dispute commences which has been carried on with unremitting vehemence for forty-seven years. Colonel Charras, and the other military critics who throw the blame of the final defeat on the Emperor, maintain that his orders to Ney were indistinct, that he wasted time on the 16th, on the 17th, and on the 18th, and that he was chiefly responsible for Grouchy's absence from the fatal field of Waterloo. M. Thiers, as might have been expected, vindicates at every point the foresight, the vigour, and the masterly skill of his hero; and he is consequently forced to prove that all the subordinate generals in turn were guilty of weakness, of disobedience, and of unseasonable rashness. Soult was, it seems, not sufficiently versed in the duties of chief of the staff. Reille, and other Peninsular officers, were timid in the presence of English troops; D'Erlon remained idle on the 16th, while battles were raging on his left and on his right; and "Ney, the daring Ney, was at Quatre Bras deficient in daring." Grouchy's dulness and slackness were less inexcusable than his positive disobedience to a supposed order to keep between the Prussians and the main army of the French. Faults abounded everywhere, except on the part of the Emperor, and of the rank and file of the army. Many of the exploits attributed to different regiments at Waterloo are altogether fabulous; but it is not in the nature of a French historian to admit a failure on the part of French soldiers, even when the heroism which was really displayed might satisfy the susceptibility of their countrymen. M. Thiers repeats for the hundredth time, in spite of contradiction, the melodramatic reply which neither Cambronne nor the Guard made to the demand of surrender. M. Victor Hugo prefers another and equally fictitious version of the story; and he has further devised an impassable ditch or hollow lane on the front of the English position, for the purpose of stopping the famous cavalry charge which was undoubtedly checked at the summit of the hill.

There can be no doubt that Ney might have occupied Quatre Bras on the 15th, or early on the morning of the 16th. The Marshal himself always asserted that he had received no order to take the position, and that his attack in the middle of the day was an anticipation of the Emperor's commands. M. Thiers replies that Napoleon had given the verbal order on the 15th, and that he repeated it on three or four occasions before the commencement of the actual combat. In support of his opinion he relies on a double demonstration which to himself at least is conclusive. Napoleon repeatedly asserted that he had given the order, and, according to

M. Thiers, it is impossible that he should have failed to take so obvious a precaution. To ordinary students of history the revelations of St. Helena are evidence, not of facts, but of subsequent reflections, and it is too much to acquit even the greatest general of an error on the ground that he was incapable of committing it. Amid conflicting statements the question must remain undecided; but Marshal Soult, who was present at the interview, authorized the son of Ney to state that the order had never been given. A question might perhaps be raised whether the position of Quatre Bras was, after all, worth the sanguinary conflict which it occasioned. If Ney had been at Quatre Bras during the 16th with 30,000 or 40,000 English troops in his front, he would probably not have ventured to detach any part of his force to the aid of the Emperor at Ligny. On the other side, the Duke of Wellington succeeded in keeping the cross roads during the 16th, but his success was rendered useless by the retreat of the Prussians to the north of the high-road. On the 17th he withdrew his troops, without any further conflict, to the field of battle which he had previously selected in the neighbourhood of Waterloo.

Napoleon has been strongly censured for delaying his attack at Ligny till three in the afternoon, and at Waterloo till the middle of the day. M. Thiers argues that on the morning of the 16th part of the French army was still on the other side of the Sambre, and that the Emperor waited in the hope of hearing Ney's guns before he commenced the action. He appears not to be aware that the field at Ligny was within sight of Quatre Bras, so that the Duke of Wellington saw some of the Prussian movements. D'Erlon, alternately summoned by Ney, who was his immediate commander, and by the Emperor himself, spent the afternoon in useless marches and counter-marches, without advantage to either wing of the army. To civilians it would seem, from the history of war, that a certain average of probable blunders ought to enter into the calculations of every general. It is possible that, with the help of D'Erlon, Napoleon might have crushed the Prussian army when he defeated it at Ligny; but he had been trained to excessive confidence by victories such as those of Austerlitz and Friedland, which were followed by the absolute submission of the enemy. The Prussians of 1815, under Blücher and Gneisenau, were not disposed to end the war with a single defeat; and Reille, who remembered Vittoria, warned Ney to be cautious before the English at Quatre Bras, and vainly entreated Napoleon to manoeuvre, instead of attacking directly, at Waterloo. As the Duke of Wellington said, "It was a regular bruising-match. We pounded, and they pounded, and we pounded hardest."

Drouot, the gallant chief of the artillery of the Guard, afterwards blamed himself for advising the Emperor to wait on the 18th for the sun to dry the ground after the thunderstorm of the night before. The battle might have begun at seven or eight in the morning, and Bulow only engaged the right wing of the French late in the afternoon. M. Thiers is of opinion that Napoleon was fully justified in his confidence that Grouchy would prevent the Prussians from taking part in the battle; but, even if no misapprehension had taken place, Blücher was strong enough to keep Grouchy employed without withholding his entire army from the decisive struggle. The Prussians had 80,000 men to oppose to 55,000 under Grouchy, and Bulow was perfectly fresh, as his division had not been present at Ligny. It is not necessary to admit the assumption of French writers, that if the battle had commenced in the early morning the English army would have been driven from its position, or that, at worst, it would have found any difficulty in executing a steady retreat. The field of Waterloo had attracted the attention of Marlborough at the beginning of the previous century, and it was carefully chosen in anticipation of a pitched battle by Wellington. Neither commander was likely to forget the necessity of a line of retreat, and the forest of Soignes was, in fact, traversed by several sufficient roads in the direction of Brussels.

If the Peninsular army had not been in America, when M. Thiers describes its presence in Belgium, the Duke of Wellington would have had little cause to anticipate the possibility of retreat. His raw recruits fought as well as could reasonably be expected, and his few veteran troops, including Alten's German Legion, maintained their well-earned reputation. The Netherlands and the Hanoverian cavalry took no effective part in the battle, and the roads to Brussels were covered with fugitives whom the old Peninsular soldiers would have regarded with equal astonishment and contempt. It is not in M. Thiers's nature to speak of an English commander with generosity, although he probably abstains from conscious injustice. Other French writers allow that the Duke of Wellington handled his troops during the battle with admirable skill, although they blame the excessive caution which induced him to keep 15,000 men idle and useless on his right at Hal. If the victory had remained with the French, M. Thiers would perhaps have contented himself with the exposition of their irresistible superiority under their great commander. In accounting for their defeat, all the censure which can be spared from Grouchy is heaped upon Ney. It was undoubtedly an error to engage all the cavalry reserves before the infantry of the Guard were ready to support their attack; but here again, as at Quatre Bras, the Marshal and the Emperor disputed the responsibility of a movement which ended in utter ruin. It seems on the whole probable, that while Napoleon was far on the right, Ney brought his 10,000 cavalry into action an hour too soon. It would, indeed, have been better to employ them in covering a timely retreat, which might still have left an army to cover the approaches to Paris.

Among the many accounts of the battle, M. Thiers has composed the most readable, and, although he has M. de Lamartine and M. Victor Hugo to compete with, perhaps the most picturesque. He is too much in earnest to kill half a dozen horses under the Duke of Wellington, or to invest Highlanders with broadswords after the manner of Lamartine; nor has he dug a ditch for the Cuirassiers, who had sufficient obstacles to surmount in their actual charge. Unfortunately, however, he has not studied English narratives, and on behalf of his country and of his idol he is an inveterate partisan. It is impossible to rely on the accuracy of his statements, and the consequent uncertainty diminishes the value of his assertions even when they are strictly true. His enthusiasm leads him to prove that in every instance Napoleon was faultless, and the demonstration becomes suspicious when it is preceded by the assumption that Napoleon was incapable of a fault. It is true that the exemption from human frailties is confined to his conduct of military affairs, for, after the commencement of his decline, the historian is liberal in his admission of political errors, which darken into moral delinquencies as they tend to the destruction of the Empire; but in the ethical code of M. Thiers the man is wholly subordinate to the soldier. In the tolerant tone of an admiring mother, who admits that a spirited child is inclined to mischief, M. Thiers affects to blame Napoleon even for the disobedience of his generals. His ambition and his endless wars had, he justly says, both dissatisfied and spoiled them, nor were the extravagances of his policy to be redeemed even by the most extraordinary efforts of genius in the field. If it were possible to reverse the loving censure by vindicating the escape from Elba and censuring the conduct of the Belgian campaign, the historian would evidently be inconsolable. His account of the miserable squabbles of the different factions at Paris is necessarily less exciting than the story of Waterloo; but the record of Napoleon's sufferings and reminiscences at St. Helena has all the interest and pathos of a romance. The work ends with an elaborate comparison between Napoleon and the greatest generals of ancient and modern times, with the significant exception of Marlborough. On some future occasion the conclusion of the voluminous and brilliant History of the Empire may require a further notice.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.*

A POLITICAL pamphlet, extending to 500 pages, and offered for sale at the price of fifteen shillings, is in itself a curiosity, at least in our day. The contents of the volume before us are not inferior in point of singularity to the strangeness of its external appearance; while an "affectionate" dedication to Archdeacon Denison of an essay, which, at best, is no more than an effusion of partisan bitterness and personal rancour, adds something to the oddity of this rather peculiar production. So far as we can derive anything like a plain meaning from the mystic sentences of the writer, his aim appears to be to elaborate into a considerable volume one of the sneers with which Mr. Disraeli amused the House of Commons at the expense of the "great Liberal party." In thirteen chapters he maintains the positions—that the party calling itself Liberal is in a state of disorganization; that it contains within itself elements of disunion which prevent its acting together for any object except that of keeping Lord Palmerston in office; that Lord Palmerston is a charlatan, and Lord Russell the most profligate of politicians, with the exception of Mr. Bright, who is beyond all question, so far as his opportunities have extended, the most selfish and dishonest; that all honesty and high-toned political morality are centred in the Tory party and their "constitutional leader," Mr. Disraeli. These positions are enforced by illustrations drawn from all the topics that have formed the staple of Conservative sarcasms for the last three years—the abandonment of Reform—the defeat of the Dissenters and the Ministry upon Church-rates—the variance between Lord Palmerston and many of his supporters on the subject of the ballot. To these not very original topics of Tory triumph he has added one in which we must concede to him the merit of originality. He has discovered, if we understand him rightly, upon the authority of Lord Normanby, that the only true friends of Italian independence are Lord Malmesbury and Lord Derby; and that Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell are the enemies of Liberal principles abroad as determinedly as all through their lives—especially in carrying the Reform Bill—they have been at home.

It is not without some misgiving that we present this analysis of the somewhat mysterious utterances of this oracle. We are not sure that we gather rightly even the general purport of the manifesto. Separate portions of it are altogether lost in the haze of fine writing in which the author has enveloped his meaning. We have sometimes had occasion to introduce our readers to specimens of that peculiar species of composition which is so brilliant as to become obscure in the very blaze of light. Of this popular style of writing, the author of *The Present Position of the Liberal Party* is a master. When we add to this, that in some of these sentences thus obscured by their own splendour, it is not always easy to ascertain the exact antecedent to which the leading word of the sentence is to be referred, it will readily be understood that many of them supply exercises for ingenuity, in the shape of riddles not very easy to be understood; and if the author of *Crispin Ken*

* *The Present Position of the Liberal Party.* By the Author of "Miriam May," and "Crispin Ken." Saunders & Otley.

be really the exponent of the views or the style of the Conservative leaders, he may supply abundant materials for an essay on *The Present Position of the Tory Party in Relation to the English Language*.

It is purely in relation to its merits as a composition that we purpose to deal with this book. We decline to discuss with him the exciting and novel political questions upon which he writes so fiercely. We leave the Reform Bill of Lord Derby to his eulogy, and the Italian policy of Lord Russell to his censure, and only venture to suggest to him that even questions like these might be discussed in sentences which, if they lost in magnificence, would gain in clearness by being written in English, and not in an unknown tongue. In a second edition we would even hint that the opening passage might be rewritten. At present this pretentious manifesto of Tory policy commences with the following sentences. We presume they have some very profound meaning, but to our dull comprehension they seem, we confess,

A splendid specimen, upon the whole,
Of what the learned call rigmorale:—

The decline of England would be a contribution to the decay of the world. Satire, as she settled down, might yield but a speck to the space she once grew great in. But the retort would come from the memories of her worthies, legacies to every land; and her greatness, if it had been denied her by geography, would have been at least confessed from her names. It were even easier, if England knows herself, to stay at half-tide the Atlantic's flow than bring her to the level at which other lands have stopped. The satire upon her size would bear a terrible recoil when history spoke, and jealousy itself could hardly look upon the wreck and feel avenged. To pale! to cease! and yet not touch mediocrity! To cease! and yet not fall to where its neighbours stood and thought some summit had been reached to stand! England wiped out! The satire might too likely be a want so common as the want of light, as those she left beneath her struggled in the shadows of her disappearance, and groping, found the fire so long above them had gone out.—P. 1-2.

We have transcribed *verbatim et literatim* the exordium of the author. After much and deep reflection we have come to the conclusion that there is under all this verbiage a confused meaning in the writer's mind, that England, although a small portion of the earth, has played a grand part in its history; that the decline of England would be a loss to humanity; but that England might fall considerably from her present position, and yet still be as good as some of her neighbours, who think very well of themselves. Such we take to be the meaning of "to cease, and yet not fall to where its neighbours stood, and thought some summit had been reached to stand." But we confess we have come to this general conclusion rather from a vague and indistinct impression which the entire sounds produce, than from any deduction from any particular sentence or word. Even in the last sentence which we have paraphrased, and of which we think we have discovered the meaning, we are not a little puzzled when we see that the sentence stands between the two ominous announcements—"England cease!" and "England wiped out!" both these being supposed to be synonymous with the statement that she was not to "fall to where her neighbours stood, and thought some summit had been reached to stand." It is very puzzling. It means, perhaps, that England might "cease" (but what is that?), or might be "wiped out," and yet not fall as low as France, for instance, who thinks she stands "on a summit." But what would England be when she had "ceased" to be, or after she had been "wiped out?" Yet, positively, if the sentence does not mean what we have said, it has no meaning at all.

This beautiful exordium is exquisitely full of puzzles. Who is the "she" that is "settling down" in the second line? Is it England or Satire? England, we observe, a few lines afterwards is called "it." Who or what is the satire that might yield but a speck to the space she once grew great in? Here, again, we confess to a dim apprehension of some vision in the writer's mind of England "settling down" and satire "standing," or, perhaps we should say, swimming by and telling her that the space in which she had grown great was but a speck. We do not exactly see the point of this very refined "satire;" but we become more hopelessly confused as "history speaks," and "the satire on her (that must be England's) size bears a terrible recoil." The author, we presume, does not intend to enlighten us when he explains (?)—that the satire means a want—"a want so common as the want of light." We ask ourselves in vain how satire "bears a recoil," how "a satire upon England's size"—at best a stupid one, conveyed, we presume, in the words "Little Britain"—can be "a want so common as the want of light;" and we must only "gripe," like England's struggling neighbours, and complain, with them, that the fire has gone out, and that the author of *Crispin Ken* and *Miriam May* has left his readers hopelessly in the dark.

If the reader takes delight in intellectual exercises of the nature supplied by these sentences, he will find some amusement in the five hundred pages of which they constitute the exordium. We cannot say that every page is equally rich in grandeur—the author has obviously put forth all his powers in the exordium. Yet we think we may refer those who have not time to search out these treasures for themselves, to some few passages which are not unworthy even of the opening. Here is one but fifteen pages distant from the sentences we have quoted:—

It never seems to have been considered at all in proportion to its signal significance, that whilst there is, in directions that it would be unnecessary to indicate, a sanctioned existence for this political debauchery, we are aggravating to a disastrous degree the political morality of public life.—P. 15.

A "sanctioned existence," probably, is the phrase in fine writing for a "sanction," although we think it is very like nonsense; but what is the meaning of "aggravating to a disastrous degree the political morality of public life"? Does the author fear that our public men will become too moral, as his words seem literally to import? Or does he use the word aggravate in a sense in which we understand it is sometimes used—generally, however, when it is pronounced "aggrawate;" and is his apprehension that the "sanctioned existence" for this political debauchery may become as "aggravating" to the feelings of our political moralists as those of "the Shepherd" were to those of the elder Mr. Weller.

Let us take another almost equally perplexing. In the following sentence, "they," we believe, means the Liberal party, although, from the long sentence that precedes, it is not very easy to be sure of this:—

They are reduced to the belief—when they see suspicion, shut them in—that by some arrangement with the sextons of communist and convenient journalism, a history may yet be supplied that will, when wanted most, inter the past that they disfigure.—P. 25.

Convenient is probably a misprint for convenient, but the correction hardly mends the sentence. We confess that our sagacity, in expounding this riddle, is at fault. *Davus sum non Edipus*. Who are the sextons (!) of communist and convenient journalism? We presume that in the word sexton there is a playful allusion to the supposed interment of the past, but where is the convenient and communist journalism by which a history is to be supplied that will bury the past? Can it be that the author of *Crispin Ken* believes that there are a number of communist journals in London whose editors have been bribed by the "Liberal party" to write a history of England from which the past is to be excluded; and that he designates this terrible conspiracy under the figure of an arrangement with the sextons of communist journalism? That the author expects the appearance of some history that will fulfil these appalling predictions, would seem really to be the case from the sentences that follow:—

Nor can it be said that the present age has not been well prepared to see a history that need not stop there (that is, with the interment of the past). The history that will reach the most editions is the history that, if it can only deny to little purpose what the evidence of years may have established, can set up its longest appeals in the shortest of sentences. And if it is not believed, it cannot be complained that it will not sell. That the necessities of Liberalism will complete the series, it may at least be expected. It is as much the need of the Whigs as it is the hope of the booksellers.—P. 25.

"It" was seldom before, we venture to say, so hardly used within eight lines.

Even this prophecy of a history, written in short sentences by sextons, is beaten by another in which we are gravely assured that the triumph of the Liberal party would be followed by a state of things in which there would be "NO OLIGARCHICAL SECRECTIONS!!" a state to be produced by the process of the peer and the pauper dining together on mutton cutlets. We must let the author make this singular announcement in his own words:—

If the great Liberal party could have its own way, and then could tell its own story, so much has been already signified as that there would be no such thing as oligarchical secretions. There would be the signs of equality everywhere where least expected. There would be cottages where just now there are castle keeps. A peer would entertain an emancipated pauper to a cutlet every day, and then the peer would be asked back by the emancipated pauper.—P. 27.

We fear we must leave this passage in the same hopeless obscurity as its predecessor. If the peer every day entertained the pauper "to" a cutlet, we do not exactly see what opportunity would be left for the pauper in return "to ask back" the peer. Possibly, if the pauper dines with the peer, the peer may be satisfied with an invitation to breakfast or supper with the pauper. But the deeper mystery remains, how is all this to put an end to "oligarchical secretions?" What are "oligarchical secretions?" It is a mystery too profound, perhaps, for us to approach.

After these great riddles it is scarcely worth while to attend to some of the lesser puzzles which are scattered in perplexing profusion over the pages of the book, or we might ask what can be the meaning of the sentence in which we are assured that "the Reform Bill of 1860 was protested against chiefly because it carried with it the baptism of reform, and so proclaimed a lie." (P. 274.) What on earth or in the water is "the baptism of reform," and how was it carried with the Reform Bill of 1860, and how by carrying it did that Reform Bill proclaim a lie? To what splendid imagination are we to attribute the following description of the statesmen who were distinguished as the Peelites?

They had come in that in high places there might be no more railing for railing, and when the country sent them back it was not easy to tell which were their sarcasms and which were their prayers.—P. 375.

Upon what occasion the sarcasms of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Cardwell, or the Duke of Newcastle were confounded with their prayers, we are really curious to be informed. The meaning of the whole passage is to us among the many mysteries of this book.

There is something very amusing in the complacent and pretentious "eloquence" of this book. The author evidently believes himself a master of style. We would hazard the conjecture that he has taken as his models Grattan and Macaulay, and has attempted a "composite order" by endeavouring to graft on the antithesis of the one the elaborate and florid ornateness of the other. How he has succeeded, our readers must judge for themselves from the specimens we have supplied. It is, perhaps, right

to say that the entire book is not quite such superfine writing. It is no disparagement to the author to say that between these passages there occur many in which he degenerates into common English, if not into common sense. No human genius could maintain such sublimity of nonsense for 500 pages; and no one not utterly destitute of intellect could elaborate antithesis through that number of pages without, sometime or other, being smart. Nevertheless, we are sure that the passages we have, upon a very cursory perusal, selected, are among those by which the writer would choose to be judged. There are those who are always most eloquent when they are most absurd, and an author does not always discern as clearly as his readers when he is on the wrong side of the line which separates the ridiculous from the sublime.

SHAKSPEARE AND HIS COMMENTATORS.*

IT is greatly to be regretted that many persons, intolerable alike to "gods, men, and columns," should have taken in hand, now or in time past, to edit Shakspeare; but, perhaps, it is even more to be lamented that the late William Sidney Walker did not perform that office for a poet whose language he understood so well. In Walker were combined the qualities which an editor of one of the *dii majores* of literature must possess, if he is to instruct the reader, and to do justice to the author. For Shakspeare he would apparently have been such an editor as Mr. Spedding has recently proved himself to be of Shakspeare's greatest contemporary. If we look over the piles of notes, prefaces, and illustrations heaped on Shakspeare since Rowe, in 1709, led off the procession, we shall find that, without exception, each one of the annotators has been deficient in some essential quality for the task. Pope was by no means one of the worst of the series, yet how radically unfit he was for appreciating Shakspeare is shown by his remark, as reported by Spence, that Rowe, in his tragedy of *Jane Shore*, did ill in taking Shakspeare for his model, when he might have learned his cue better from Lord Buckhurst's *Ferrex and Porrex*! As a commentator, Theobald was as superior to Pope as the worst lines of Pope are superior to the best lines of Theobald. But Theobald's merits went not beyond his diligence in collating the early copies, his loyalty to the poet, and his sound good sense. As to the higher gifts of Shakspeare in the conduct of the scene or the treatment of incident and passion, Theobald was as obtuse as Sir Thomas Hanmer or Isaac Reed. If black-letter-lore alone would set up a commentator in business, Farmer, who opened that vein, is entitled to the name of a good one; but if any qualities beyond the knowledge of such writing as was never read be required, then Farmer's proper place is among the heroes of a Dunciad. Steevens and Malone, again, had each sterling merits. They were well read, they were diligent in business, and they doubtless felt the admiration for their author which they so often expressed. But the standard by which Steevens measured the verses of Shakspeare was one graduated on conceptions derived from the metrical laws of Dryden and Pope, and his notions of the genius of the romantic drama were founded on the pseudo-Aristotelism of French critics. Malone, on the other hand, in the region of facts was at home; no labour was too great, no labyrinth too tedious for his patience; but in the region of ideas he was as inert and helpless as Theobald himself. We will not bring down our comparison further, as we have no wish to exalt Walker at the expense of living editors. We will begin by enumerating the editorial vices from which he was exempt. He was no bigoted admirer of either folio or quarto texts; neither was he a rash innovator. He had formed no theory of metre or syntax to which the verse or the words of the poet, by coaxing or by forcing, must bend. He did not hunt, with so many German scholiasts, after meanings never meant, or after philosophy at which Shakspeare would have been dismayed. Neither did he, with no few of the English scholiasts, make Shakspeare's text a peg for the display of his curious learning, or, yet worse, a "stalking horse under the presentation of which" he gratified his piques or his vanity. In the pages of the *Variorum Shakspeare* we find ourselves in an atmosphere of contradiction, and in a land of war. The hand of Steevens is against every man—sometimes even against himself—*diruit, edificat*. Warburton is cited by him to show that a bishop may be a fool; and Capel is never mentioned by either Steevens or Malone without such faint praise as damns, or such censure as is designed to crush its object. Later and living critics are by no means tolerant of one another:—

Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or a cunuch's spite.

In these "brawls and brabbles," which add as much to our knowledge of Shakspeare as they would to our knowledge of Newton's *Principia*, Sidney Walker takes no part. He is content to suggest or correct; the poison of asps is not under his lips; he neither plumes himself on lucky emendations, nor speaks evil of his less learned or fortunate fellow-labourers. His virtues as a critic were

not less conspicuous than his freedom from such vices. To the revision of the text of Shakspeare and the elder dramatists he brought the learning, the acumen, and the composure of Porson. His Greek scholarship fitted him to be also a sound critic in his native language. The skill which is needed for detecting and decyphering the errors of a manuscript is often available in discerning the blunders in type of the seventeenth century. In those days there were no readers for the press, and unless an author looked to his own proofs his text was liable to two misfortunes—the compositor might misread the copy, or might print unfaithfully what he had read correctly. Then, as now, with the exception of a few such essays on English Grammar as that by Ben Jonson, the language, as regards acknowledged rules, was in a fluctuating condition; the *ius et norma loquendi* were left very much to the taste or discretion of the writers of it. What may have been the received standard of English "pure and undefiled" in Shakspeare's time must accordingly be established or inferred by diligent collation and wide comparison of books of the period; nor will these processes be attended with success if we mete the text of Shakspeare and his contemporaries by the measure of the Restoration or later eras. Walker evidently had studied, not merely the text, but also the "errata and corrigenda" appended to books printed before 1640; and from the consideration of current errors in the type, and of prevailing forms in the language, he has often been enabled to fix the true reading of a passage that had baffled conjecture, or had been made worse by correction. His critical insight, however, did not stop with the mechanical part of his business. He had the feelings and no small portion of the eloquence of a true poet; and this faculty has in many instances helped him to solve a doubt which diligence and accuracy alone would have left incurable. He possessed and he fulfilled all the conditions of a verbal and intellectual editor. To the labour of Malone he added the poetic vision of such critics as Coleridge; but he as far surpassed Coleridge in conjectural skill as he did Malone in apprehension of an author's inner meaning. Walker's Notes on the Plays and Poems of Shakspeare have been occasionally incorporated in recent editions of them; but it is much to be desired that they should be generally, if not universally, adopted into every future impression of the authors whom he "examined." For in him met—and, judging from both past and present experience, they will not soon meet again in the same person—the functions that rendered so illustrious in other branches of criticism Godfrey Hermann and Karl Ottfried Müller. To an unusual acquaintance with the English language as it existed two centuries and a half ago he added general familiarity with the writers who, whether in prose or verse, imparted to our speech its most vigorous if not its most correct and polished forms. He was no half critic—the letter and the spirit of our old writers were equally within his grasp. The infelicities of his life and physical nature explain and excuse the fragmentary character of his literary labours; but they do not prevent our discerning even in these *disiecta membra*—the solace of painful hours, the amusements of a lonely student—how much we have lost in not having a complete edition of Shakspeare by William Sidney Walker. We place together for our immediate purpose the reprint of Shakspeare's collected works, as put forth in 1623, and his *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakspeare*. Our readers may thus be enabled to see the original form of the Plays, and one of the best samples of comment on them. In the original printed text are contained the title-deeds of our Shakspearian property. So, it might be supposed, he bequeathed to posterity the works that, by universal consent, place his name first on the roll of dramatic poets. In this form, after he had retired from active life and regained at his native Stratford even more than the position which his father's imprudence had forfeited, he finally fixed the numerous offspring of his mind, after purifying them of the defects and blemishes that had crept in through carelessness or interpolation. But, unfortunately, this is an imaginary picture only. Whether from indifference to his dramatic writings, or from putting off to the morrow the irksome task of revision, can never be known; but the fact is, Shakspeare left his plays, in great measure, to the tender mercies of the actors, and appears to have been only solicitous for the fair fame of his poems. That the text of the quartos and folios could not have been, in innumerable instances, the text of the author's manuscripts, was obvious from the first; and the attempts to regain the true archetype have led to as mingled an exhibition of skill and blundering, of seasonable and unseasonable learning, as has ever presented itself in all critical literature.

Few and doubtful as are the facts of Shakspeare's life, there are features of his character, as depicted in his writings, on which we may rely securely. From these we are warranted in pronouncing him among the most healthy-minded of men. His faculties were as well harmonized as those of Sophocles or Goethe. His imagination is not more potent or palpable than his good sense; his wit, inexhaustible as it was, did not surpass his wisdom. When, therefore, we find—account being duly taken of the state of English language and thought in his time, and their diversity from our own—his writings obscure or unequal to the occasion, are we not warranted in believing that we read what he did not write, and that for such blemishes we have often to thank the corruption of the players or the carelessness of the printers? For the latter, the condition of the text in the early editions affords abundant proof; and the former is rendered highly probable by the unscrupulous dealings in every age of the servants of the scene with an author's words.

* *A Critical Examination of the Text of Shakspeare; with Remarks on his Language and that of his Contemporaries, together with Notes on his Plays and Poems.* By William Sidney Walker. 3 vols. London: John Russell Smith. 1860.

Shakspeare; a Reprint of his Collected Works, as put forth in 1623. 4to. London: Printed for Lionel Booth, 377 Regent Street. 1862.

Shakspeare's Sonnets; reproduced by the new Process of Photo-zincography, &c., from the Original in the Library of Bridgewater House, &c. 4to. London: Lovell Reeve & Co. 1862.

It is vain to speculate upon Shakspeare's apparent neglect of his plays, and his evident care for his poems. These, from the first, were as carefully "put forth" as any books of the time—as Ben Jonson's first folio, for example, or the poetical works of Drayton and Sir John Davies. Jonson, we know, was his own corrector; and that Shakspeare did the like office for his *Venus and Adonis*, and his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, the general correctness of their text leaves little reason to doubt. But his dramatic works betray no similar parental vigilance. We can hardly conceive him unconscious of their value; but he may perhaps have thought that in the fairly-written copies he sent to the theatre he had taken sufficient precaution for their being faithfully printed. To the "fine Roman hand" in which he transcribed his plays we have Heminge and Condell's testimony, and we may give it the more credence from its telling against themselves.

The public has much reason to be grateful to Mr. Lionel Booth for placing within its reach, for two pounds, a volume which in the original, and in a condition more or less of defacement and repair, would be considered cheap at a hundred; and this in form and condition more pleasing to the eye—a "cheerful semblance" of its prototype—and much more convenient for use. Nor have we less cause to greet with pleasure the thin 4to. of Shakspeare's *Sonnets* reproduced in "facsimile by photo-zincography," and "put forth" by Mr. Lovell Reeve. Charles Lamb in his *Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading*, says that some books—*Thomson's Seasons*, *Tom Jones*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, are his examples—"look best a little torn and dog-eared." In such condition "they speak of the thousand thumbs that have turned over their pages with delight." Pleasant it is also to have before us a facsimile or a faithful copy of Shakspeare's plays and poems, as they were handled by Southampton, Raleigh and Ben Jonson. These reprints bring with them reminiscences of planked alleys, and trim gardens, of windows deep-embayed, looking out upon smooth-bowling greens, of the "state and ancients" of Eliza's and James's days. Without much stress of fancy these volumes carry us back to times in which literature was the privilege of the few—when there was no "people's library," little to divert the scholar's eyes from his tall folios and stately quartos, hardly any science to divide with it his allegiance to poetry. We may picture to ourselves, with one of these handy quartos before us, a statesman or courtier weary with suing for royal favour, or writhing under some late rebuff from his capricious Gloriana, musing whether it were not better to withdraw at once to his moated grange and quiet woods in Devonshire, and forego the chase of what was so hard to win, and, when won, was so unsatisfactory, and so hard to hold. The prototype folio, lying with Hooker and Jewell on the window-seat, divided with their sage and serious thoughts the leisure hours of the careworn Minister of State, or the soldier just returned from the Low-Country wars. Beside Shakspeare lay, in meet companionship, the Faery Queen, the mirror of yet lingering chivalry, the mould on which the Sidneys and Oxfords fashioned themselves in the tilt-yard and palace-chamber. Such reading, in contrast with the fiction of the present hour, seems to be steeped in an atmosphere of quietude, a sort of Platonic dream-land, as if the "sole vocation" of readers had been endless meditation. These volumes, too, will take us in fancy to the "well-trod stage," to the Globe and Bankside theatres, where *Hamlet* is to be played by Richard Burbage for the first time, or where, the present pomp and circumstance of the stage impossible and undreamt of, the spectators are adjured to see with the mind's eye alone Prospero in his island or Henry at Agincourt.

Shakspeare's Sonnets have, in their proportion, afforded nearly as much ground for dispute as the text of his plays. Steevens threw a stream of light on his fitness to be a commentator by his assertion that not even an Act of Parliament could compel them to be read. The poet's contemporaries thought differently; and in the present century readers have been found who have thought with them without bidding or pressure from Parliament. These, in their way, matchless poems have been imagined to contain much covert autobiography, and have been severely tortured to make them yield up their secrets. Of all questioners of the *Sonnets* Mr. Armitage Brown was the most persevering, and perhaps, the most successful. But it is obvious that before we can arrive at or admit any historical probability, we must submit to a postulate of unusual breadth and of doubtful character. There is much virtue in the indispensable *if*. If Shakspeare, like Rousseau, meant to take the public into his confidence, then these poems, in all likelihood, are the medium of his communication. But *if* he did not intend to bare his bosom to the world, then the Brunonian and every other theory rests on supposition. We believe that we must be content with the following mode of accounting for these compositions. It was suggested by one of England's hopes prematurely snatched away—the late Arthur Henry Hallam—himself a poet, and who, had he been spared to develop his rare powers of judgment, would have been a critic of the very highest order. He is writing of the influence of Italian literature upon the English poets of the Tudor era:—

It would have been strange if, in the most universal mind that ever existed, there had been no express recognition of that mode of sentiment which had first asserted the character, and designated the direction of modern literature. I cannot help considering the *Sonnets* of Shakspeare as a sort of homage to the genius of Christian Europe, necessarily exacted, although voluntarily paid, before he was allowed to take in hand the sceptre of his endless dominion.

EXPERIENCES OF AN ENGLISH SISTER OF MERCY.*

SOME two months ago, this little work was reviewed by a contemporary with the respect which its author's labours amongst our poor at home and our soldiers abroad would seem to demand. The following week the same paper inserted a notice that it had been assured on good authority that many of the statements made by Miss Goodman were not true, especially certain statements connected with the stricter order of the Sacred Heart under Miss Sellow's rule. Of this, as far as we can judge, she does not profess to speak from personal experience, as she belonged to the outer or nursing Sisterhood, until the simplicity of its first institution was changed to severe conventual rule. The author of the denial does not descend to particulars, and requests that his name may not be published; and we are therefore left to decide for ourselves what his contradiction is worth. Miss Goodman, in reply to the charge, offers to substantiate her statements, if the writer will give his name. In the meanwhile, it must be owned that her sad history of a Sister's neglected sickness and untended death-bed wants distinctness in the telling. It is given on hearsay, "as the subject of many whispered stolen conversations and much secret scribbling throughout the household." To the general reader, to whom probably, as to ourselves, Miss Goodman is an absolute stranger, the question of the truth or falsehood of her statements is not so all-essential to the merits of the question as at first sight it might seem to be. In either case, the decision we come to on the merits of Miss Sellow's ascetic institutions must be unfavourable. If we take Miss Goodman's report as it stands—and for our parts we give it credit for substantial accuracy—there can be no doubt about it; but if she has misrepresented facts, either deliberately or by publishing without due investigation vague and exaggerated rumours, the evidence against the moral working of the system is even more conclusive. Here is a woman who for six years devoted herself to good works under Miss Sellow's direction—who shrank from no service, however hard and repugnant—who spent one winter nursing the sick of cholera in Devonport, and the next in the hospitals of Scutari—who was one of the first at these several scenes of horror, and the last to leave them—who conformed to rules of passive obedience, maceration, renunciation of friends, and even of name—who endured cold, hunger, loneliness, silence, at the bidding of Miss Sellow, as tending, in her superior's opinion, to a life of perfection—and what is the end? That she is either culpably inaccurate in a charge involving her superior's credit, or intentionally false. Is this perfection? Is it not a fall far below the moral standard she would have maintained had she kept her conscience and her judgment in her own keeping, and remembered in time that, as far as reason and even ecclesiastical authority went, it was as fair that Miss Goodman should direct the actions and dictate to the soul of Miss Sellow, as that Miss Sellow should control those of Miss Goodman? We see no escape from the horns of this dilemma. If this good lady is, after all, sunk below the average of accuracy and truthfulness, the system is at fault which has dimmed intelligence, destroyed self-respect, and obscured the clear perception of right and wrong. We say *system* as opposed to the first generous Christian impulse which led both these ladies to dedicate themselves to the service of the helpless, sick, neglected poor, at so great a sacrifice.

It is probably only since her resumption of self-authority, and manumission from what she now regards as a delusion, that Miss Goodman sees the system, and its results upon the character, as she now sees them. She writes of the Sisterhood under the pressure of a strong reaction—a state of mind, no doubt, to be taken into account by the reader. Thus, when telling of her summons to the seat of war, she says:—

I had previously heard but little of the war; for in a world such as ours there are few opportunities of gathering information respecting transactions not intimately connected with it. Not that this is felt to be a great deprivation; a nun always considers that she is perfectly well acquainted with everything worth knowing, and is only sorry for those who know more than herself upon any subject, religious or secular. She starts with the idea that it is a virtue to narrow her mind and sympathies, and it would appear by the result that the task is not difficult of accomplishment.

However, this part of the book is only an introduction to its main subject, though certainly it is that part which leaves the strongest impression, and which accounts, perhaps, for its having been written at all. As being a record of extraordinary scenes on which the thoughts of the nation were set, it cannot but be interesting; yet the reader can scarcely fail to reflect on the small residuum left on the mind by such an ample experience of strange and picturesque suffering. Probably, the long succession of dismal, heartrending, and too often hopeless misery, is like a dream to look back upon, and where the hands and thoughts are engrossed by the imperative business of the hour the impressions of memory are often proportionately vague and indistinct. A nurse's point of view is not friendly to authorship. The dreary change of objects on which to bestow precisely the same cares cannot allow the mind leisure for such reflection as is necessary for reproduction of a scene; and thus those things take strongest hold on the fancy which are at variance with the monotony of suffering, and offer the mind the relief of contrast.

We can perceive that the Sister is left with a deep impression of our soldiers' powers of endurance, and an opinion that no amount of voluntary self-inflicted austerities are such a preparation for unforeseen suffering and sudden calls on self-sacrifice as a simpler

* *Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy.* By Margaret Goodman. Smith, Elder, & Co.

form of resignation, and the natural impulses of generosity. We should say that discipline, in both cases, tells to a certain extent, and no farther. Both nuns and soldiers have one ground in common. As persons who have resigned the charge of themselves into other hands, they stand in a better position for particular acts of magnanimity than others who have habitually to exercise their own judgment, to weigh the legitimate claims of self-love, and to decide for themselves on every event as it arises. They are trained to hesitate where others are strong in the impetus of self-renunciation; but it is a strength that, as it were, runs in grooves. Not that this is much to say, perhaps, against any form of human virtue. The nun who gives herself to a life of mortification, while tender to the poor and the sick, will fail in sympathy for her companions, and will betray selfishness in the selection of a pallet on a damp hospital floor, when she finds herself called to exercise the unpractised power of choice. The soldier who, in the spirit of Sir Philip Sydney, shares the precious cup of water with an enemy, and, nobly unconscious of the generosity, resigns the most necessary succours to a comrade, will agree with his friend as to the crowning demerit of Scutari, that there a man cannot get drunk under eighteen-pence. We suspect that, saint or soldier, whoever voluntarily renounces self-guidance loses a power which, sooner or later, will make its loss felt. The arts of living and dying seem in a manner dissociated by these latter professors. Miss Goodman, however, was mainly concerned with the dying, and can answer for content and resignation under circumstances which made these virtues heroic:—

Wretched as was the state of the hospitals, the new arrivals from the seat of war felt them to be a haven of rest. One soldier uttered the sentiments of many of his fellows when he said with delight on reaching his pallet, "Here we can lie down out of the mud and snow and die quietly." The greater number were too much reduced to crave for food, yet they spoke cheerily to us; and on leaving them at night, it was difficult to realize that in the morning we must look in vain for many of their faces.

They were reverential in their gratitude to their nurses; and she confirms what others from the seat of war have stated before—a fact which in itself gives so great a value to these ladies' services—that through the long period of her attendance on these men, "she never heard a profane expression;" so that, having so long been utterly unused to the sound of bad language, it shocked her the more on her return to England. She testifies also to their cheerful obedience and submission to hospital rule. Her instance is too characteristic of official management:—

One invalid could find in his bed no position which gave him ease; and having an afternoon to spare I spent it with him devising little plans to alleviate his restlessness. From a spare bed we removed the blankets, placing them at his back. We had just finished, and were congratulating ourselves on the happy expedients which had occurred to our minds, the patient declaring that he had not known such comfort for months, when the hospital sergeant, making his rounds, pronounced the ward not neat, and said things must resume their places. As I took down our handiwork my countenance must have shown vexation, for the sick man remarked, cheerfully, "the first duty of a soldier is obedience."

One observation belongs, we believe, to the natural history of dying. The last words of the men were most often of their mothers, even when they had wife and children. She thinks this may probably have arisen from the dress and apparent motherly age of the nurses and Sisters; but we rather suppose it the force of early association which, in supreme moments of physical weakness, so uniformly asserts itself. On the same ground it is that the thought of the grave—of lying with kindred—so pressed upon them, especially the country born:—

I remember the exact words of one patient:—"Two of my sisters are buried in the churchyard of M—, by the side of the path which leads up to the belfry-door, and mother always goes into church that way."

These little traits of feeling and poetry were drawn out by a woman's presence, and no doubt gave an unspeakable relief to the speaker. Among the men themselves, the great point was to "keep up heart," and on no account whatever to give way—a lesson which the youngest drummer was not slow to learn. She remarks, too, on the delight with which tales of courage and heroism were told, however preposterously beyond truth or possibility; but no one dared to boast on his own behalf. The narrators spoke of themselves as eye-witnesses of others' feats, not as performers. The audience were not inclined to listen to a man who bragged of himself, though he might romance as he pleased about the deeds of the British army. Nor did she ever hear cruelty spoken of without reprobation, while any act of generous mercy was seen to carry all hearts with it. In fact, Miss Goodman's feeling is all with the soldiers, against chaplains, orderlies, officials, and doctors. To these she does justice on the score of feeling, but she lets us know that, after seeing how absolutely doctors differ in their method of treating the same disease, her faith in pharmacy is brought to the lowest point.

A strain of cheerfulness, very creditable to the writer, is maintained in this narrative. She is clearly not of the whining class of good ladies. Her tone is anything but conventional, and little is said merely because it would be expected of her. We see a mind ready to grasp at any break in the tedium of horrors. A flower, a kitten, a ludicrous accident or *contretemps*—all are recorded as though the relaxation they brought to the overtaken powers had been eagerly, though perhaps unconsciously, welcomed. Scenes of physical suffering do not make people sentimental. The way to support a certain class of privations is to make a joke of them; and thus, we suspect, those who can act in them with any success become resolutely practical under the harsh training. In this way, if in no other, these ladies would be rendered utterly

unfit for the strict conventual rule preparing for them on their return to Devonport. She has a story to the same effect:—

We observed the Romish Chaplain for some months to pass away the time in tending a pet lamb, which he led about by a scarlet string; and in the early morning he could be observed gathering the roseleaves with the dew yet upon them as a breakfast for the gentle creature. We were quite concerned one morning at perceiving the priest about to take his walk unaccompanied by his favourite, and passed in haste across the hall to inquire for it; to our great grief he informed us that the lamb was killed. We waited the particulars of its untimely fate, concluding the savage dogs to be guilty; but the most unromantic father went on to say, "I found it in excellent condition; feeding an animal on roseleaves certainly improves the flavour of the meat."

In the midst of infection, bad air, bad living, indescribable discomfort, and occupation revolting to every sense, Miss Goodman seems to have preserved health and strength, which she attributes mainly to the wise rule given by Miss Sellon to her band of nurses (amongst others of a less practical character) to allow nothing to interfere with their taking a walk every day. It should be said in conclusion that Miss Goodman has heard (she cannot tell how truly) that, since she left three years ago, all severities in the houses under this lady's superintendence have been discontinued.

THRUPP'S ANGLO-SAXON HOME.*

THIS is by no means so bad a book as might have been expected from its extremely silly title. Still, like so many of the works on Early English history which we have lately had to deal with, it is evidently the work of one who has read more than is good for him. Mr. Thrupp has undoubtedly both read and thought a good deal, and he starts with one or two correct general notions; but his book is clearly not the work of a thorough scholar. There is a general confusion and haziness throughout, a laxity both of reference and reasoning, and a style singularly meagre and wordy. It is certainly strange that, while our time has produced works of such surpassing power on the history of remoter ages and countries, the early history of our own country should have fallen, to so large an extent, into the hands of inferior men. Sir Francis Palgrave and Mr. Kemble stand almost alone in having brought to its illustration the necessary union of real learning and real power; for the strength of Mr. Hallam manifestly lies in a later age. And of these two, the brilliant theories of Sir Francis Palgrave, though always suggestive to the scholar, are eminently dangerous to the ordinary reader. He is, in short, an eloquent advocate on one side, just as Thierry is an eloquent advocate on the other. The profound learning, and, the more than learning—the real power—of Mr. Kemble's book, is greatly marred by his faults of style and arrangement; and the book, after all, is not a History, but a collection of essays. For the last year or two it has been quite a fashion to write books about "Anglo-Saxon" history. Besides Mr. Thrupp, we have had Mr. St. John and Mr. Haigh; and Mr. Beale Poste, though his researches are rather Welsh than English, naturally presents himself to the memory as their companion. Mr. St. John—by far the cleverest of the number—we are the most inclined to be angry with, as a mere *litterateur* intruding himself into the domain of scholars. All the rest are clearly hard-working men, whom no one will accuse of neglecting their books, to however little purpose they may pore over them. Each has his say; and each doubtless expects that his say will win him a permanent position as the expounder of the early days of England. We are sorry to have to record the disappointment of so many evidently respectable and diligent men. We have often had to do so already, and we have no doubt that we shall have to do so again, until the one man who could deal with the subject can be persuaded to give us something more tangible to the world in general than the fugitive lectures and papers which seem to reach no eyes or ears but those of the few who are already conscious of their value.

As for Mr. Thrupp, we can forgive him a good deal—and he has a good deal to be forgiven—on the strength of the hearty and thorough way in which he grasps the cardinal truth that all "the Saxons" did not live at the same time. We are so used to talk which assumes that the six centuries between Hengest and Harold were not subject to the common laws of chronology, that in this respect Mr. Thrupp is a real relief. One has heard so often that Englishmen of the eleventh century could not build a grand church, because Englishmen in a distant kingdom had built very mean churches four hundred years before, that it is really a comfort to find Mr. Thrupp fully aware that the coming of Hengest and the coming of William are six centuries apart, and stoutly maintaining that "an immense advance in civilization, morality, and religion took place during these six centuries." But Mr. Thrupp is less successful in proving his theorem in detail than in thus vigorously setting it forth at the beginning. He is evidently a man of no little reading—we will not say learning, which implies something higher; but his book is throughout weak and dull. There is an entire lack of criticism—at least of criticism in detail, for here, too, Mr. Thrupp seems to have fairly grasped one or two general principles. He says, rightly enough, that the standard of evidence required for a history of manners and customs is not the same as that required for a history of events. As he truly argues, a tale which is historically inaccurate

* *The Anglo-Saxon Home; a History of the Domestic Institutions and Customs of England, from the Fifth to the Eleventh Century.* By John Thrupp. London: Longman & Co. 1862.

rate, or even wholly false, may illustrate manners and customs as well as one that is strictly true. It is manifest that a novel, a poem, or a play, though all its events and characters may be fictitious, may be thoroughly good evidence for manners and customs. Indeed, in many cases, it will be the best evidence that can be had. But the age for whose manners it will be evidence will be the age of the writer. It can be no evidence for the age in which the story is laid, unless that age be the age of the writer. A really good novel of contemporary life is, in its own department, the best of all historical evidence. Fielding is the best evidence for the manners of the last century. Scott is the best evidence for Scottish manners of his own time and the times a little before him. But *Ivanhoe* is no evidence at all for the days of Richard I. The mediæval romances about Hector and Alexander throw a flood of light upon mediæval times, but they throw none upon the days of Hector and Alexander. Nay, the historic value of Homer is in no way touched if we utterly disbelieve the existence of Achilles and Agamemnon; for such disbelief in no way interferes with our conviction that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* give a true picture of the state of society in pre-historic Greece. But when Mr. Thrupp repeatedly quotes the absurd legend, *De Gestis Herewardi Saxonis*, as illustrating the manners of the eleventh century, he is sinning against his own rule. The book is a stupid fiction of some centuries later, and is of exactly the same value as the kindred romance of *Jack the Giant-Killer*. There is no sort of analogy between stuff of this sort and the stories in Bede and other writers, which we do not for a moment believe as facts, but which are valuable as illustrating the feelings and customs of the time. Again, Mr. Thrupp is always quoting Ingulf, and at the same time reminding his readers that nobody now believes in Ingulf. Now if Ingulf were a contemporary liar, well and good; his lies would, in that case, be just as useful for Mr. Thrupp's purpose as if they were truths. But as the book called *Ingulf* is not Ingulf at all, but the work of a forger who lived some centuries after his time, it can prove no more as to the manners than as to the facts of the days of Ingulf. Indeed, one chief part of the evidence by which the book is shown to be a forgery is the fact that the language, the manners, the titles, the offices, belong throughout to a later age than that in which the work pretends to be written. Mr. Thrupp's rule, in short, is a very good one, but here is abundant proof that he does not know how to apply it in practice.

Again, there can be no doubt as to the truth of Mr. Thrupp's position that the six centuries between the English conquest of Britain and the Norman conquest of England were, on the whole, centuries of great advancement. This is his text, and he clearly has it always before him, but he does not work it out so distinctly as he might. As in all other times, there were fluctuations. Improvement did not advance with an equable and regular step. There can be no doubt, for instance, that England was, in many respects, in a more flourishing state before the Danish invasions began than it was again till the tenth, or perhaps the eleventh, century. The Danish ravages threw everything back, and the Danes introduced some distinctly bad customs of their own. Mr. Thrupp shows how the Old-English laws, at first very mild, gradually increased in the cruelty of their punishments, and he attributes this change, with some probability, to Danish influence. The immediate effect, then, of the Danish incursions was essentially retrograde. Yet they were not without their good side either. The Danish settlements in England contributed some very manly and valuable elements to the national character, and the Danish wars helped, both directly and indirectly, to consolidate England into one kingdom. Even the increasing cruelty of the law may possibly show an increasing power in the law. In the department of art, we may fairly believe that the buildings of Wilfred and his contemporaries, planned in direct imitation of Roman models, would be superior to anything which followed them till we reach the few years immediately before the Norman conquest.

Mr. Thrupp, again, is rather too bold in his application of the laws and customs of other Teutonic nations to illustrate those of England. Of course, they are most valuable in their own place as illustrations; but it does not do to apply them recklessly, as if, because a thing existed in one people, it follows that it existed among all the kindred peoples. Even in the case of the most nearly allied nations—Old-Saxons, Frisians, or Danes—it is not safe to assume perfect identity; still less can we make inferences from the usages of more distant branches of the common stock, such as Goths, Franks, and Lombards. Mr. Thrupp does not always bear this caution in mind. For instance, he tells us that Englishmen used to be much addicted to rough, practical joking—as some men are still, and more no doubt were then—and that it was thought specially good fun to waylay a bride on her return from the wedding, and souse her with dirty water. We look to Mr. Thrupp's references, and the only authority he quotes is the collection of Lombard Laws. We verify the reference with some trouble, and find Aistulf, King of the Lombards, expressing all proper indignation at such filthy practices, and forbidding them under heavy fines. Now, this proves something as to Lombardy, but we really do not see what it proves as to England. If Mr. Thrupp has any evidence for the existence of the custom in England, or even in any country more closely connected with England, he should surely have brought it forward. As it is, we do not see that any Englishman, or, indeed, any Teuton of any kind, is necessarily implicated. The "perversi homines" whom King Aistulf reproves for such malpractices are just as likely to have been native Italians.

In fact, Mr. Thrupp is throughout rather careless as to references. Many we have been unable to verify, perhaps only from using different editions; but some are clearly transposed in the page, and others are clearly wrong altogether. For instance, we are sent to "Flor. Wigorn., an. 964," for the fact that "Queen Emma received the name of the 'Gem of the Normans.'" Now we have seen the words "gemma Normannorum" somewhere, but we cannot find them anywhere in Florence; and, in the nature of things, they could not be under the year 964. Mr. Thrupp is not lucky among female names, or, as he calls them, "names given to little girls," as though their owners dropped them when they became grown women. Besides "many pretty ones which have gone out of use," there are "some which we still retain, as Edith (the happy gift); Adeleve, now Adelaide (the noble wife); and Ellen (the excellent)." *Eadgyth* and *Eadgifu* do seem to be sometimes used interchangeably, so Edith may pass. But *Adeleve* must be meant for *Æthelgifu*, which would not mean noble wife, but noble gift, and *Æthelgifu* cannot answer to *Adelheid*. *Ellen* undoubtedly means strength; but no Englishwoman before 1066 was ever called Ellen, any more than Rowena or Ulrica. Indeed, Ellen is no name at all, but a corruption either of *Helen* (often written *Elena* in mediæval Latin) or of *Eleonor*. Even in so small a matter as "the names given to little girls," there are such things as accuracy and inaccuracy.

Nor does Mr. Thrupp shine in mythology:—

Among the evil deities whose wrath was deprecated, were Zernbock or death; Loke or Lucifer; Oechus Bocchus, symbolized by the common type of evil, a goat, and preserved to us in the traditions of the nursery under the name of "old bogie"; and Oechus Nech, the water-fiend, familiar to us under his modern title of "old Nick."

Zernbock! What has not Sir Walter Scott to answer for, for making Harold the Dauntless schismatically pray to a Slavonian "black god?" Neck or Nicor we know in a dozen spellings; but why "Oechus Nech?" "Oechus Bocchus" is still more completely beyond us. We know Oechus, King of Persia, and Bocchus, King of Mauritania; but how did they get over here in the shape of "old bogie?" Perhaps it is our ignorance which is at fault; but, if so, it is not wholly culpable ignorance. Mr. Thrupp should at least have vouchsafed to enlighten us with a reference. But, generally, Mr. Thrupp's fault is not so much inaccuracy or ignorance, as a sort of general weakness. He has read a great deal, but he cannot use what he has read. He is another example of evidently very industrious and well-meaning men wholly mistaking the extent of their own powers.

LES ÉTRANGLEURS DE L'INDE.*

THIS is the title of a play which was produced a few weeks ago at the Porte Saint Martin theatre, at Paris, and has, we believe, been very successful. Those who have the good fortune to see it will have the liveliest sense of its merits, but, poor as reading is as compared with seeing, it is worth reading as a good specimen of what the French can do in the drama of incident. The author, M. Garand, has, as it seems to us, got in the largest amount of incident that the most exorbitant habitué of the Porte Saint Martin could demand. But this is not all. He has got in his incident scientifically. He enables us to construct or to exemplify a theory of incident writing. We evolve out of his pages the true aim which an incident writer should set before him. Quantity is, of course, the great thing, and quantity M. Garand can command in the amplest degree. But there must be something more than quantity. In order to keep the incidents within the region of the comprehensible, there must be a constant recurrence to certain outward, formal, and often conventional signs, by which the spectator can, in familiar language, know where he is. There must be a sort of truth of local colouring. On the other hand, the artist must reserve for himself the greatest latitude, even where he thus descends to the region of facts. He must show that, although he uses the recognised means of giving his airy nothings a fixedness that makes them appreciable, he yet controls the facts he employs, and sports through them with the freedom of genius. This play deserves a short notice, to illustrate how the process can be carried on by an imaginative Frenchman. It offers us the great advantage of examining the construction of the incident-drama where the scenes are laid in regions familiar to us. We can detect the truth of local colouring, and admire the erratic audacity of the playwright's fancy, when it is in British India and in Scotland that the personages of the drama act and talk.

The *Étrangleurs de l'Inde* are the Thugs, and the play opens with a prologue of a terrific character, in which a great native prince and his attendant Thugs murder a young English couple, and only save their daughter in order that she may be brought up by a female fiend named Kisna, as a future victim to the destroying Deity, Siva. Twenty years then elapse, and the play proper begins. This prologue is not bad, as a contrivance of art. It puts the audience in a strangling frame of mind from the outset; it reveals the custom of the great Indian princes of the interior to go on wrecking expeditions with Thugs, and it lets us know that Mindha, the heroine of the play, is not really Penjab's child. The play opens with a scene in the palace of the Governor-General at Calcutta, who is on the point of giving a great ball. He enters, attended by a doctor bearing the eminently English name of Monréal, and an official called Vilson. They inform him that his

* *Les Étrangleurs de l'Inde*. Par Charles Garand. Paris: Lévy. 1862.

nephew, George Sydney, is overwhelmed with grief because he cannot obtain the hand of Penjab's daughter, Mindha, and the Governor-General replies that he has himself tried to bring the alliance about, because it is a policy he has adopted to bind the native princes by new ties. George appears, and, declining to dance, declares his burning passion for Mindha to a group of English ladies. Suddenly drums are heard, and Penjab himself appears, leading on Mindha, all glittering with jewels. And now comes in a touch of the master of incident. This arrival of a native prince suddenly by night, with his daughter, in Calcutta, is a little imaginative. We are soaring into the unfamiliar regions of the poetically possible. M. Garand feels he must bring us back to our bearings. He must tone down the freedom of his incidents by a little local and special truth, so he makes the Governor-General present to Penjab, first, the Portuguese, then the Dutch, and then the French Consul. To the Dutch the Prince makes the following courteous and instructive observation:—"It is right to begin with Portujab. Two of your countrymen, Barthélemy Deas and Vasco di Gama, opened the way to India for Europe." This, and observations of a like nature addressed to the Dutchman and the Frenchman, make us feel our standpoint. We know that we are in historical India; and we are therefore prepared to see the author again exert his fancy, and introduce Penjab giving his daughter in marriage to George Sydney, with a secret purpose of bringing him, by her means, to utter destruction.

Some terrific scenes then follow, in which the lurid imagination of the dramatist runs riot. There are secret caves, and choruses of priestesses singing the most dreadful hymns to the most thrilling music, and Thugs going and coming and strangling without cessation. But there is nothing very remarkable in this part of the play, for we find nothing but an overflowing wealth of incident, and it is not the abundance of incident that we admire. We get much more what we prize in the third act, where the scene is suddenly shifted to Scotland. The Crimean war is just over, and Sydney has been fighting against the Russians, leaving at his ancestral home his "Countess" Mindha and his little daughter Mary. It appears that Mindha, who is accompanied and watched by the fiend Kisna, cannot make up her mind whether she ought to love or hate her child. She is a mother, but she has vowed to Siva that she will extirpate everything that has the European taint about it. This leads the humble retainers of the castle to be free in their comments on her unnatural coldness. More especially, a certain female, named Gretly, confides to another female, with the equally common Scotch name of Néomi, how much more blest she is in her own two children, Toby and Jane. These innocents appear on the stage to confirm her statement. They begin talking of the kisses of mothers, and Jane recalls the saying, that children die whose mothers do not kiss them. Toby replies that they, at least, need not fear death on this account; to which Jane answers energetically, "Dam, Toby, c'est pour nous fortifier." "Damn it, Toby, the saying only reassures us." There is no touch in the play that seems to us more artistic. There is the purest mixture of prose and poetry, of the unfamiliar and the familiar. Toby is not a common Scotch name, nor do little Scotch peasant girls usually employ expressions equivalent to *c'est pour nous fortifier*. But then, on the other hand, there appears quite naturally, and with the light artlessness of art, the national monosyllable "dam," at the beginning of her sentence, and we are at once transported to British ground.

Events then hurry in rapid succession. Sydney returns, Mindha, overcome by her feelings, owns her love for him, and turns Christian, and Sydney is just going to write to the Queen in person, to resign his commission, when a despatch from the Admiralty arrives informing him that the Indian mutiny has broken out, and that he must go to India at once. He and Mindha go there; she falls again under the power of her father, and, by an ingenious device, he uses her affection for her child, which he places under the muzzle of a cannon, to make her renounce her husband and go mad. The siege of Delhi commences, and Penjab, Mindha, Sydney, the Doctor Monréal, and the Reverend Murray, a model clergyman, who appears when any very improving scenes are to take place, are all within the walls of the town. The Englishmen are prisoners, and have been preserved in order to be made fat enough to be acceptable victims to the angry and hungry gods of India. The Doctor has also been found useful professionally, and he inspires terror by striking with an instantaneously fatal attack of typhus a wretched native, who pronounces him fed up enough. At last Mindha reappears, and a tumultuous crowd implores her to save India, and rescue Delhi from the besiegers.

The fifth act must be noisy on the stage, and must fill the house with the most delightful smell of gunpowder. The cannon boom throughout, and the rolling of drums, and the cries of the excited populace never cease. Mindha and Penjab specially engage in a duel of wits, Penjab trying to force Mindha to sacrifice the English prisoners as victims to Siva, and Mindha opposing him. At last Penjab has the best of it, and Mindha is forced to yield, when Penjab, to complete his triumph, informs Mindha that she is no child of his, and that her real father was strangled by him twenty years ago. A bright idea now seizes her. If Penjab is not her father, why should he not be sacrificed? She addresses the people, and informs them that the victim whom Siva really demands is Penjab. The prince perceives the game to be up, and kills himself with his dagger, on which the reverend

Murray steps forward and recalls us to the solid ground of Christian principle, by exclaiming, "This man worshipped the god of vengeance; we humbly worship the God of mercy." The curtain falls on the "Panorama of the taking of Delhi."

LIFE OF BISHOP BOWEN.*

THERE is so much that is distasteful in nearly all modern religious biographies that we confess we look askance at every fresh specimen of the class. The bulky volume now before us is very unattractive in its style and treatment. We have here the usual sectarian phraseology, the common exaggeration, and, of course, a multitude of quotations from journals and letters never meant (we hope) to meet the public eye, the publication of which seems to us an almost unpardonable offence against good taste and right feeling. If a man writes a religious diary for his own exclusive use and profit, it is something like treachery to him for his survivors to publish it. If the journal, on the other hand, though purporting to be private, was really meant for the world, not only is it of necessity dishonest and worthless, but it is an insult to the readers before whom it comes under false pretences. It is rather difficult to say to which class Bishop Bowen's diaries belong; for he avowedly followed a bad example, and he was educated in a school of religionists whose moral sense in this particular has been blunted by a long course of vicious practice. On the other hand, judging from the general manliness and uprightness of his character, we incline to think that he would have shrunk from this unseemly revelation of his most private thoughts to the world. As it is, in spite of the serious drawbacks which we have mentioned, the memoir before us must be described as not undeserving a perusal. The subject of it was, in fact, a very single-minded and earnest man; and a life well spent, and nobly sacrificed at the call of duty, deserved a record. It is not Bishop Bowen's fault that the story of his life has been spoilt in the telling. Such of our readers as are not deterred by the terrible prolixity of these pages, and the pronounced, but not unamiable, sectarianism of the biographer, will find much to admire in the character and labours of this devoted missionary bishop. Besides which, it is psychologically not a little interesting to trace how much better the man was than his system of thought, and to see how a real experience of men and things was rescuing him from many of the narrow prejudices in which he had been trained, and leading him to a wider and more charitable appreciation of religious truth.

John Bowen, the son of a retired military officer and his third wife, was born in Pembrokeshire in 1815. Among other particulars of his childhood, which are recorded after the usual fashion of religious biography, his sister enlarges on the "noisy demonstrations" on his part which followed upon "the old-fashioned punishment of a whipping" when he was four years old; and she thinks it worth while to describe some sermons which he preached to his brothers and sisters when playing at church, with his pinafore, hind part before, for a surplice! At twenty, having the choice set before him of an education at Cambridge for holy orders, or of emigration to Canada, he chose the latter, and was soon settled on a farm of about 160 acres on the shore of Lake Erie. His letters home, from which large extracts are given, are cheerful and hearty; and some passages from his diary, confessedly written in conformity with the "directions for keeping a minute personal journal," which he found in a book called the *Young Christian*, show not only strong religious feelings, but the somewhat artificial channel in which they were directed. Having volunteered into a militia regiment when the rebellion broke out in Upper Canada in 1838, he abandoned farming and began to think of returning to England. After a short visit home in 1840, he was recalled to Canada by the necessity of looking after his property, and was wrecked off Newfoundland on his outward voyage. He once more took to farming, but without much heart in it. All through life he seems to have been the victim of the most superstitious observance of the Jewish Sabbath. For instance, he never lunched at a friend's house on a Sunday without an apology. Sometimes he justifies himself in his journal by remembering that our Saviour "broke bread" on the Sabbath in the house of the rich Pharisee; but in one place his biographer takes upon herself to deny, in a footnote, that that action was any precedent for taking a meal in a friend's house on the Lord's Day. While he was a lonely emigrant in Canada we find him writing home to his mother in this strain:—"I hope you will not think I am getting quite a heathen, because I have taken an hour on Sunday to write to you." As if an over-worked labourer, as in this very letter he describes himself, could better employ part of his weekly day of rest than in writing home to his mother! Soon after this, Mr. Bowen became "converted," we are told, chiefly by the agency of Mr. Gribble, a missionary clergyman, who was stationed near his farm. The latter, who is a large contributor to this biography, describes this event as attended by a "vision" (which is more, we observe, than Mr. Bowen himself ever ventured to say), and speaks of it as "beyond the limits even of excited enthusiasm." Bowen himself fixes exactly the time of the change:—"I believe the new birth took place in me March 6, 1842." Now he became more than ever dissatisfied with his life as a settler. He sold his farm, returned to England,

* *Memorials of John Bowen, LL.D., late Bishop of Sierra Leone. Compiled from his Letters and Journals by his Sister.* London: Nisbet & Co. 1862.

and entered himself at Trinity College, Dublin, as an undergraduate. Here the choral service, and the surplices, and the ceremonial at first much disquieted him. Very lengthy extracts are given from his journal during his university course; and it is perfectly marvellous, when one reads them critically, to think that any one can have thought it worth while to give to the world such rapid and twaddling comments on Scripture as are to be found in these daily entries. We notice one sensible remark, however, though its occurrence makes us look with considerable distrust on the genuineness of these "private" confessions. "There is a great snare," says Mr. Bowen, in beginning a new year, "even in the simple act of keeping a diary." Is the future bishop, or his biographer, responsible (we wonder) for a wonderful footnote in one place, which declares that, "as every scholar knows," the word *μαρτυριον* means "*literally*, mercy-seat?"

Before his college career was ended, he was invited to join the ill-fated missionary enterprise of Captain Gardiner to Patagonia; but after much deliberation the offer was declined. At last, in the autumn of 1846, he was ordained deacon by Bishop Longley, of Ripon—not without some questionable evasion of his theological views in the preliminary examination. Soon after this he succeeded to a fortune on the death of an uncle, and then proposed to the Church Missionary Society that he should undertake, under the auspices of that body, but at his own expense, a journey of missionary inspection, being prepared to devote six or seven hundred pounds annually to that duty. The offer was accepted, and Mr. Bowen was directed to proceed to Jerusalem, and then to visit various missionary stations in Syria, Asia Minor, and Egypt. Some of the records of this journey form, on the whole, the most interesting portions of the volume under review; but exception may fairly be taken to the hasty and uncharitable judgment which he passed on every manifestation of Christianity with which he came into contact which did not exactly harmonize with his own standard. However, he is candid enough in one place to write as follows:—"There was little or no devotion or reverence in the service; the people here have scarcely any idea of either one or the other, and, indeed, in this respect they resemble for the most part our Protestant friends." At Jerusalem he studied Arabic, and read the Epistle to the Romans with his Mahometan teacher, as a means of converting him. Here we find him apologizing for a short (!) sermon. "Perhaps I was wrong," he says, "but I was fearful of wearying the congregation by being more than forty minutes." At Constantinople Mr. Bowen called on Sir Stratford Canning, and wrote thus in his journal:—"Meeting with any one of such exalted rank is a new experience for me; I trust it may not be a snare." However, in spite of these blemishes, the single-mindedness and sincerity and amiability of the traveller are very apparent in these extracts; and Mr. Layard, whose acquaintance he made at Mosul, contributes to this volume a warm eulogium upon his character. "His manly, straightforward bearing," he says, "his complete freedom from intolerance, his consideration for the feelings and opinions of others, and his sincere, unaffected Christianity, elicited the utmost deference and respect. The position which he so rapidly gained was specially remarkable in the contrast it afforded with that which others who had been engaged in missionary labours in Bagdad had unfortunately held." We do not find among these extracts any very new or important conclusions as to the state of religion in the countries which Mr. Bowen visited. If he presented any formal report on the subject to the Society which gave him his commission, it is to be regretted that it was not made public in the present volume.

Returning to Jerusalem from Bagdad, Mr. Bowen took charge, for a time, of a Protestant congregation at Nazareth, and finally returned to England at the close of 1851. In the following year he became Rector of Orton Longueville in Huntingdonshire. Here his energies found insufficient scope, and his biographer thinks that this part of his clerical life was the least happy and least useful, although he worked very hard in promoting the secular as well as the spiritual welfare of his few parishioners. Getting soon tired of this narrow sphere of duty, Mr. Bowen returned to Palestine in 1854, and undertook a mission at Nablous (the Sichem of the Old Testament), where he strove hard to introduce proper oil-presses, threshing-machines, and ploughs, and to further in every possible way the material civilization of the people. While he was here, the Duke of Brabant visited Nablous; and this was how Mr. Bowen prepared for his coming:—"I pitched my tent by the Well of Jacob, ornamented it with a little Belgic flag, spread a new carpet inside, and placed on it a Bible open at John iv.; in fact, did everything to make the visit of His Royal Highness interesting and agreeable." Probably the Duke would much rather have seen Jacob's Well without the Protestant missionary as a cicerone. After a few months, Mr. Bowen, who was never long satisfied in one place, once more returned to England, and the Nablous mission immediately languished, besides suffering much from a fanatical outbreak of the Moslems against the Christians. There is little doubt that Mr. Bowen was peculiarly fitted for obtaining personal influence over Orientals; and consequently, when, in 1857, he received the offer of the fatal Bishopric of Sierra Leone, it was generally felt that his proper sphere of duty would have been Syria, rather than the deadly coast of Africa. But he considered the offer as a divine call, and did not hesitate to accept it, though he well knew the dangers of the climate. Before sailing for his diocese, Dr. Bowen married a daughter of the late Dean of Peterborough. Arrived at Freetown, the new Bishop threw himself into his work with his accustomed vigour, dis-

regarding the cautions which older residents suggested as to over-exertion under an African sun. Thus he walked to church on Sundays, a distance of nearly two miles, and visited the distant stations of his diocese without much regard to the rains and the unhealthy seasons. With the same practical temper which he had shown in Syria, we find him trying to obtain from the Manchester Cotton Supply Association a Macartney gin for the use of his people. It would have been well had his wise suggestion of encouraging the cultivation of cotton been more thoroughly carried out. Within seven months of his arrival at Freetown, the Bishop had his first attack of African fever; which, in a letter home, he tries to credit to his own imprudence, and not to the climate. In another month he was a widower, Mrs. Bowen having died in giving birth to a still-born child. Suffering himself from frequent attacks of fever, the Bishop now worked harder than ever. His letters tell of journeys to Lagos, Bonny, and Abeokuta, of frequent visitations, catechizings, ordinations, and confirmations. "There was no time to think of taking necessary care of himself, even if he had been the man to do it." As a natural consequence, he succumbed to fever in May 1859, having held the see less than two years. The memoir of so hearty and devoted a missionary cannot be read without interest and profit. We may have our doubts as to the wisdom of sending a succession of men to certain death at Sierra Leone; but there is no question that one like Bishop Bowen, who abandoned a position of wealth and dignity in England for that fatal post, acted from the highest sense of Christian duty. Few heroes of modern biography have better deserved a record of their lives and labours than this zealous prelate. We can only repeat our regret that the memoir is not shorter and better.

"WOMAN'S LIFE."

THERE are two conceptions of woman's life. One is to ply the needle, order dinner, and pay the weekly bills. This, we submit, is a conception sound in theory and true in fact. The other is that in which she is represented as the victim of all manner of strange and impossible vicissitudes. Hers is a chequered career in which there is no repose or domestic enjoyment. From beginning to end it is one long spasm. She must fall in love as no one ever yet did fall in love. She must contract a marriage as no marriage ever was or will be contracted. She must be tortured and torture herself in a thousand ways which the ingenuity of the female intellect alone can imagine. As a protest against the notion that her speciality lies in the direction of the kitchen and the nursery, she is made to lend the life of a female Ulysses, and travel far and wide—if possible to seats of war—with the profoundest indifference to pounds, shillings, pence, and propriety. The "intention" of all this is easy enough to detect. Out of these fiery trials woman uniformly comes superior. A being who can do and suffer so much is the equal of man, and was clearly never intended by Providence to solve the petty problems of the household. She is formed for the stern realities of life, not its soft domesticities. Let others regard boiled mutton and teething babies. Here is the depository of a much more exalted mission.

To which of these two conceptions of "woman's work" Mrs. Briscoe inclines, we leave her readers to determine. Coupling the fact that her story is laid in Ireland, and has what local colouring a few of the stalest Irish legends can impart, with the views of life which she propounds in these pages, we are disposed to think that her ideal of the heroic in woman is derived from a lady whose case figured last year so prominently before the Dublin Courts. That we are reviewing the work of a daughter of Erin, we can hardly doubt from the partiality evinced by the authoress for "will" and "would" where the less cultivated Anglo-Saxon would write "shall" or "should." We are introduced to a little paradise on the south coast of Ireland, inhabited by the family of a "broken merchant," Mr. Gerald Erskine, subject to very gloomy fits. Four daughters, three of whom were lovely, and one a pious invalid, together with Mrs. Erskine, terribly given to improve the occasion, complete the circle. The love affairs of the young people furnish the staple of these two volumes. There is a certain General Hartleigh, aged 57, very proud and despotic, who had helped Mr. Erskine in his money matters. Naturally enough, on his proposing to Madeleine Erskine, the second daughter, aged 18, he is refused; but that young lady is persuaded by her father, on his death-bed, to be then and there married to the detested General, who carries off his bride to his seat in the south of England. The other inmates of Hartleigh Manor are Mrs. Maynard, the General's aunt, and Charles Maynard, his heir presumptive. Mrs. Maynard was really a wonderful woman:—

She belonged to an age now nearly obsolete, when superstition held enthralled the hearts of most ladies—those good old times of "Minerva Press" memory—when romance and sentiment were paramount above reality and common sense. She abounded in stories and tales that were not the less pleasing from the wild and romantic halo which she threw around them. She saw omens and indications of fate in everything. There was nothing particular that ever happened to her but she declared that she had had some previous warning of it; her dreams were marvellous, and were regularly noted and believed; and she could not be induced to turn even a stocking right side out if chance had made her put it on the wrong way.

Her son, who is a young officer home from India on leave, proceeds to fall in love with Madeleine, his sympathies being en-

* *A Woman's Life.* By Mrs. Briscoe. 2 vols. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1862.

enlisted in her behalf by the abominable treatment she receives from her brutal husband. The following scene discloses a state of things ripening, to all appearance, for the manipulation of Sir Cresswell Cresswell:—

You, Madeleine, are my first care, my only object, my best beloved. Will you not believe me?

Gladly, fully, and entirely, Charlie. The love for me will be to me a blessing and happiness; you will be the only sufferer.

How so?

You will not think of marrying?

Never.

And you will be ever and always lone and lonely?

Even so, I am content.

Be it so, dearest Charlie; friend, brother, cousin, all in one.

"Ever and always lone and lonely," is a fair specimen of the style of writing to be found in Mrs. Briscoe's pages. Affairs are brought to a crisis between Madeleine and the General by his pitching, in the course of an evening party at Lord Fleming's, a pack of cards at her head and a candle into her lap, for trumping her partner's trick, that partner being himself. "While the furious element devoured the light materials in which she was clothed, he scolded, raved, and cursed after the most fiendish manner, till, quite exhausted with passion, he sank back on the sofa, a prey to the most intolerable anguish from a blow he had inadvertently given to his gouty foot." This pleasant scene concluded, Madeleine returned home in a close carriage with Charles Maynard, who, in the coolest manner possible, proposes an elopement. The virtuous woman of real life would have recoiled from the tempter; but Madeleine is in no way shocked, though she declines, on grounds of expediency alone, to fly with him. This is just the kind of circumstance which, in the authoress's view, forms the staple of "woman's life." Dishonourable proposals ought to be taken very quietly, and not permitted to disturb the equilibrium of any well-regulated mind. On their next meeting, Charles "encircled her in his arms, and pressed a reverential kiss upon her forehead, as a brother gay and glad some at the sight of a recovered sister would have done."

The reader will be a little surprised to hear that pitching candlesticks at his wife was the General's way of showing his deep, and literally ardent, love for her; and that "under the mask of harshness and tyrannical oppression he hid a love such as man never felt before for woman." In the interest of the sex, it is to be hoped that attachments so remarkably demonstrative are very rare indeed. Madeleine, at all events, did not view increment in the light of a love-token, and very sensibly packed up her things to return to her mother's roof, when a stroke of paralysis at the parting moment brings the General to a more rational frame of mind. His wife relents, and consents to stop; and shortly after, his death removes the only obstacle to his wife's union with her lover.

We have traced Madeleine's fortunes to the end, because they have not the slightest connexion with those of her sisters. Helen, her eldest sister, has for lover a young curate, who aided "in delivering the momentous truths of the Gospel to the little Protestant community in the parish where Cliff Cottage was situated." Like most curates, he was poor—destitute of interest, "that bugbear in our Protestant establishment." Of his mental gifts there could be no doubt:—

He was something of a botanist, a good geologist and naturalist, and enabled to draw knowledge and wisdom not only from the study of ancient Greece and her wisdom, great Rome, and her senates and forum, but from the investigation of each insect that fluttered in the breeze, each flower that perfumed the gale, or every pebble he trod under foot.

Unfortunately, he was cursed with an overfond and worldly mother, who wished him to marry a rich young lady, and gradually bullied him by a series of convulsive fits into giving up Helen and dying of consumption. Helen ends by being an old maid—in the Briscovian tongue, "one of that blessed sisterhood which in mercy is sent to walk alone upon the earth."

Martha, the youngest and only remaining able-bodied sister, bestowed her young affections on Lord Henry Anstruther, the second son of the Earl of Albin, and in whose veins "the blood of all the Howards" ran. The contagion of Mr. Bug's example is evidently spreading among that crop of novelists who have nothing to gain or to lose by their literary performances. In this instance the allusion to the Howards is so gratuitous, that we can only interpret it as a clumsy attempt to compliment the present Viceroy of Ireland. Certain we are that the noble house of which he is the head would disown all relationship with the Countess of Albin. The leaven of pride, we read, was so mixed up in her noble *formation*, that she seemed to deem the earth that carried her on its surface unworthy of the honour. Her eldest son was imbecile, but that had had no "chastening power;" she had lost a beautiful daughter suddenly, and that had had "no soothing effect;" and she had buried her fond and excellent mother "without a tear or a regret." But the pride of this coroneted layer of quartz or granite was displayed most curiously of all in her household arrangements. She could never stoop to the degradation of meeting one of her flunkies in the passages of her own house, and consequently a series of cells or recesses were cut in the walls, into which the affrighted menials bounded whenever they heard her ladyship approach. Such a woman, it will be surmised, did not hear of her favourite son's engagement to a penniless girl without the utmost indignation. What she actually said was this:—

An Irish girl! Enough! too much of that. A penniless one, monstrous! Beauty, pho! Sense, ridiculous! Connexion, improbable! It is all a farce—something that must be put a stop to—nothing more.

These incoherent expetives were of no avail. The lovers

are secretly united. On the eve of leaving for the Crimea, whither he was ordered with his regiment, Lord Henry writes to avow his marriage. The style of his letter is something quite unique. "Will you," he writes to his father, "suffer me to depart unsupported by your blessing, unaided by your affection? No, dear honoured author of my being, such will not be the case. You will permit me to fall at your feet with my young wife, and allow us to share together a full comforting and consoling pardon." No answer, of course, was vouchsafed to this appeal by Lord Albin or my lady, "who would not seek an entrance into heaven itself if it was to be contaminated by the presence of everyday beings, creatures whose mortal clay would come near to her and sully her nobility." One night Lord Henry received a fearful wound in the trenches round Sebastopol. His life was almost despaired of, but "he prayed the surgeons to endeavour to keep the vital spark alive till the happiness of seeing Lady Henry was granted to him." She was hastily summoned from Malta, not to receive his last breath, but to nurse him through his illness. Meantime word was carried to Lord Albin "of the mangled state of his son." That nobleman was in London, "where State matters," we are informed, "were at issue, and it required the concentrated energies of the clear-headed portion of the Ministry to enable Government to grapple with them." This is evidently a fine sketch of political chaos. But we should like to know with whom State affairs were at issue, and who were in Mrs. Briscoe's opinion the clear-headed, and who the addle-pated, portion of the Ministry? The Earl, however, embarked at once for the Crimea, where he arrived after terrible sea-sickness, in time to enact the part of the heavy father of drama, and accord his blessing and forgiveness to his son and daughter-in-law. To crown all, the latter seized the opportunity of presenting him with a bouncing grandson in the middle of the camp. Her confinement is described with a frank minuteness. Lady readers will be interested to know "that the buxom wife of an artilleryman came unsought and voluntarily offered to nurse the child during its mother's delicacy—a proposal gladly accepted, and most beneficial to the babe itself." The whole party return shortly after to England, where Lord Albin learned for the first time "to value moral worth, and to look upon the middle stages of society with respect, and a due appreciation of its worth." Whether Lady Albin ever relented, is left in total obscurity. An abortive Nemesis whirls her at the tail of two runaway ponies into a deep stone quarry. But she clearly triumphs over this, and the last we hear of her is giving an "impromptu polka" to the fashionable world of the metropolis.

The extracts we have quoted from this work render it unnecessary to add much about its style. To say that it is diffuse and inflated would really be as far from the truth as to say that it is clear and forcible. These pages present a mere jelly of words, flavoured here and there with a spice of bad grammar. As to plot, there is literally none. The respective attachments of the three Miss Erskines are totally independent of and unconnected with each other. The clumsy attempt to make their fortunes cut each other like circles only makes the parallel lines in which they run all the more apparent. Whether such portraits as Lady Albin and Mrs. Maynard are true to nature, or whether they show the most distant conception of the manners and sentiments of the classes they affect to represent, let the dispassionate Saxon judge. But the worst feature in this book is its bad domestic morality. We have read too many lady novelists to wince under any amount of school-girl gush. Let them continue to describe every thing and person in what Horace Walpole calls "issimo." May the shadow of their religious heroes and their philanthropic heroines never be less! There is generally this good point in their books—that the scenes of home-life which they unfold are more or less like the reality, and that their tone, if not healthy, is, at all events, innocuous. We cannot say as much for the picture of woman's life with which we are more immediately dealing. It would be difficult to say whether the parents or the children depicted in these pages are most unprincipled. On the whole, we give the palm of vice to the parents, whose main characteristic is an addiction to fits of syncope, for the purpose of forcing on their children their own selfish matrimonial projects. The children, however, take their revenge in secret marriages and post-nuptial lovers. We observe from the title-page that this is not the first time the authoress has ventured into print. It has not been our good fortune to come across *The Young Bride*, by the same pen; but judging from her later performance, we cannot but advise Mrs. Briscoe—in her own interest—to remain in that "obscurity" into which, at the close of this story, she mentions her intention of "retiring."

ROBERT STORY.*

A MAN who has been successively, or simultaneously, a shepherd, ploughman, private tutor, schoolmaster, fiddler, newspaper contributor and editor, rate collector, parish clerk, and Civil Servant in Somerset House, and all along a poet, besides trying once to be a sailor, must, on the whole, be something extraordinary, and his biography cannot fail to have the interest of abrupt transitions and sudden surprises. Such was Robert Story. When we add to this large variety of the external phases of human existence, the intrinsic qualities of a fond and feeling heart, a social and genial temperament, and a firm bottom of religious principle unalloyed by cant or extravagance, and tested by many severe crises of financial distress and domestic bereavement,

* *The Lyrical and Minor Poems of Robert Story, with a Sketch of his Life and Writings.* By John James, F.S.A. London: Longman & Co.

we must be allowed to have before us a man worthy of mark while living, and of memory when dead. A passing trance of Deism in the dreamily-eager period of his intellectual development, and a youthful sin of incontinence which charged his later life with embarrassment, are all the inconsistencies with his better self which a candid examination of Story's biography reveals. No doubt the examples of imprudence, in several rash steps which he took in quest of fame, or livelihood, or mere vicissitude of task and scene, are a proper complement of his sanguine and uncalculating character. Throughout his shiftful life a man of small means but many friends, Story seems always to have found the *amicus certus* a substantial resource amidst the *res incerta*. If he was not backward to claim assistance, he found the wide circle who loved and admired him even more ready to respond to his cry of distress, or to relieve it unsolicited, than he was to invoke their aid. The fact that only in a few fitful flashes did his fame emerge from the mezzotint of provincial celebrity, is really to be set down among the substantial successes of his career. Perhaps no man ever went so far in reversing the adage of the "prophet" in "his own country." In London, he was a mere jovial, somewhat thriftless, Civil Service clerk, with a scanty inner circle of warm bosom friends. In all the land from the Humber to the Cheviot-side he was invited, welcomed, fêted, and caressed, by duke, by mill-owner, by bagman, by tapster, and by peasant. No man, perhaps also, has ever made so much real hard cash by publication of poems by subscription. His canvassing tours for names were invariably successes, though not, of course, equally remunerative in all cases. On one occasion—

The subscription-list did not fill as he expected; but the late Miss Currier, the amiable proprietor of Eshton Hall, and a true friend of literary merit, to whom he had dedicated the work, somewhat made up the deficiency by presenting him with twenty pounds.

On the publication of his longest poem, *Guthrum the Dane*, his biographer remarks:—

He dedicated it, at my suggestion, to his staunch friend, Miss Reaney of Bradford, now Mrs. Thornton, who (in this and many other instances) proved that she was the worthy patroness of a worthy poet by subscribing for eighty copies.

Again, when towards the close of his life he projected a collected edition of his works, and invoked the patronage of the Duke of Northumberland, that nobleman—

not only gave permission for the volume to be dedicated to him, but suggested that it should be adorned at his expense, in a manner befitting the contents. . . . The work was printed in colours, by Messrs. Pigg of Newcastle, and in a style of beauty and magnificence which I do not remember to have seen equalled by the provincial press. . . . The mere expense of adorning the work cost his Grace five hundred pounds.

To turn from the more bulky and elaborate to the lighter and more fugitive pieces of the volume now before us, these latter are the genuine effusions of the man in the mood of the moment. They consist of artless raptures evoked by the presence of the hills, streams, woodlands, birds, breezes, and wild-flowers of the poet's native scenery, or by the remembrance of the same, stirred up amid the contrast of other scenes. There are also addresses to friends on all occasions—the marriage-bell, the mourning, the parting, the meeting again, the festive-board, the reminiscences of the dead. These are interspersed with occasional patriotic outbursts to the "Altar," the "Throne," the "old war-flag," the "ancient barons," "our Saxon fathers," "the wives and the mothers of Britain," and come down to the period when "Sebastopol" was "low." In all these our poet rather rings the changes pleasantly on a sweet peal of village bells than yields the broad swell and full deep compass which mark the higher masters of the lyric art. In the manner, too, there is sometimes a bare escape—even if an escape—from a somewhat bald and prosaic form of expression, and an occasional dip into the penny-a-liner's empty-bottle style, which makes us remember the provincial journalist in the poet. Still, with a few such exceptions, though he flies low, like a swallow skimming summer meads and streams, he is undeniably on the wing, and hardly ever drops into a *sermo pedestris*; and, though he chases the bee and butterfly, his movements are lively and varied, his flight nimble, and his turns of thought, if obvious, yet graceful. Though called the "Burns of Beaumont Side," he will remind every reader far more of Moore than of Burns. He lacks, indeed, the exquisite polish and finish of the Irish songster, and the perfect execution in rendering the thought to the ear, yet he has more of the genuine charm of sincerity, and a purer rustic grace of nature and truth. A few of Burns' lighter verses might be fairly compared with his. Yet, taking "Ye banks and braes" as a specimen of Burns in the mood of a simple nature-worshipper—in which Story, on the whole, shines most fairly and frequently—there is something quaint and exquisite in the earlier poet's simple contrast of the things without and the thoughts within the mind, which passes far beyond the superficial assonance with nature to be found in Story's endless variations on his loved Roddam, Craven, Howden, Cheviot, and Homil-heugh. Yet we mark the contrast in no spirit of depreciation; but rather to indicate the standard up to which our author comes more effectively, if negatively, by showing that of which he falls short.

The following, probably, treads more closely on the heels of Burns than anything in the volume. The bard, revisiting, as usual, the hills of his youth, relieves his feelings in rhyme, which turns on a flower, "a bonnie pink," he had thought of plucking; but a second and "tenderer" thought checked his hand:—

"For wha kens," pled the thought, "but this bonnie flow'r bloomin'
May have some kin' o' feelin' or sense o' its ain?
It'll change wi' the lift, be it smilin' or gloomin',
Exult in the sunshine, an' droop in the rain."

An' wha kens that it has na some pleasure in g'ein'
Its bloom to the e'e an' its sweets to the day?
That it has na a secret an' sweet sense o' bein'?"
So I left it to bloom on its ain native brae!

The poet then proceeds to point the moral in the next stanza—the more forcibly, we grieve to remember, as it had been the very lesson which he himself in youth forgot. The "bonnie pink" is a "bonnie lass," and the finder is admonished—

Then if he can mak' her a wife, let him tak' her,
An' bear her in joy an' in triumph away!
But O! if he canna—beguile her he manna,
But leave her to bloom on her own native brae!

To say that a lyricist may be compared at once with Moore and with Burns, even though we necessarily apply each comparison with limitation, is of itself no mean praise. There is a wide range of points on which no poet can be matched with Burns. The powerful, homely vigour which drives deep the thought with a stroke, the native edge of mind that hews Scotch granite whilst others are scratching in alabaster, were the Muse's gift to him. While others, Story for example, gently tickle, Burns pokes his finger into your ribs right home upon the laughing nerve. Where others send up lively jets of sentiment, Burns unsluices his great waters of pathos. Yet in Story, too, when plaintively roused, we feel that it is a human heart pleading artlessly the bitterness of loss in those we love, or the desolating contrast in the promises of hope broken by time. Three sets of brief and tender verses, in which he mourns the deaths of three children within two years, in pages 143, 145, 148-9, are fair samples. We will quote one or two stanzas, which may bear comparison with average specimens of Hood:—

We often laugh'd at Fanny,
But we loved her while we laugh'd;
She was so odd a mixture
Of simplicity and craft.
Whate'er she thought she utter'd,
And her words—she "reckon'd nou't"
Of the fine flash talk of London—
She was Yorkshire out and out!

And we oft recall her sayings,
Her playfulness and craft;
But now, 'tis odd, we weep the most
At what the most we laugh'd!

Again, the poet has lost a son, and sings:—

My William died in London,
In London broad and brave;
His life was but a little drop
Dash'd from her mighty wave!
And few there were that mourn'd my boy,
When he went to his grave.

O London! fatal London!
How proud to come was I!
How proud was he! how proud were all!
And all have come—to die!
Pass on, sad years, and close the tale
With its best words—"HERE LIE."

And again, a daughter has dropped into an early grave:—

Sleep, my Mary! Sleep, my Mary!
Dream not thou art left alone;
Listen, Mary! Listen, Mary!
Well was once my footstep known!
Hush! that sob was much too loud;
Glad am I the grave is deep!
It would pain her in her shroud,
Could she hear her father weep!

Here is a lighter specimen of thought struck out by the damp of a new house; but the bard—audacious trifler—is playing with edge tools:—

The walls yet sparkle to my lamp—
May Heaven protect us from the damp!
But if it must destroy one life,
Suppose, just now, it take my wife.
Well, free again, I chat an' rove
With beauty in the moonlight grove,
Till my heart dances to the tune
Sweet of a second honeymoon.
'Tis a most pleasant thought!—But stay!
Suppose it just the other way:
Suppose it spares my loving wife,
And takes her loving husband's life;
And further, that another swain
Assumes the matrimonial rein,
And drives the team I drive at present—
By Jove! this thought is not so pleasant.

The troubled political waters of the period immediately before and after the passing of the Reform Bill coloured Story's existence deeply, and brought out his heart warmly on the Conservative side. His partisan warmth was such as to kindle for him the fires of representative martyrdom, and he was burnt "in effigy" out of the little town of Gargrave, near Skipton, where he had for some time had a thriving school. He lost thereby his clerkship of the parish, and threw himself for a livelihood yet deeper into the same troubled stream, becoming editor of the *Carlisle Patriot*, for which town Sir James Graham was then the Conservative candidate, in whose behalf he wrote "vigorous leaders," and who promised permanent assistance, perhaps on the chance of success, but who, it seems, on losing the election, straightway forgot his humble backer, and Story returned to the schoolroom once more, but not for long. On a registration objection, he was struck off the list of voters by the influence of the hostile faction, and being resolved to retain the sweet pleasure, at all hazards, of "plumping" for the Conservative candidate, made

a rash investment in cottage property, which enabled his creditors to bring him to great temporary straits. He returned, on his school dwindling through his political zeal, to Gargrave again for a short while, and was soon after appointed a "super-numerary," as he too late discovered, in the audit office, through the instrumentality of the late Sir Robert Peel.

The rest of his tale is soon told. He removed on this to London, where scanty means, a precarious appointment, a sickly family, and several unhealthy abodes in succession soon brought him sore trials. His friends, however, rallied to his support, and his clerkship was made permanent, and in a few years his salary increased. Placed for the first time beyond the shifts and straits of want, his health soon began to fail. He contracted a heart-complaint, which was supposed almost to the last to be a temporary ailment, and was cut short while yet apparently in the prime of his powers. He cherished to the last his love of friends and of the muse, and was soled in his final sickness by the kindness of the Duke of Northumberland. But the candle of life burnt suddenly out, and a widow and several children are left to hang with trembling hopes on the profits of this and his other works.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, Sole Lessees. On Monday, September 29, and Friday, October 3, SATANILLA. On Tuesday, September 30, FIA DIA VOLA. On Wednesday, October 1, DINORAH. On Thursday, THE CROWN OF DIAMONDS (in which Miss Louisa Pyne will make her re-appearance after her severe illness). On Saturday, An Opera, in which Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison will appear. Commence at Eight.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, Every Night, at St. James's Hall.—The celebrated and original CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS will appear every Evening at Eight, and every Wednesday Afternoon at Three. Proprietor, W. P. COLLINS. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 59 New Bond Street, and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly. Commence at Eight.

GREAT INTERNATIONAL FRUIT, VEGETABLE, ROOT, CEREAL, and GOURD SHOW, at the ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDEN, South Kensington, OCTOBER 8, 9, and 10. The Roots, Cereals, and Gourds will remain on Exhibition until the 18th. Admission on October 8, Half-a-Crown; on October 9, 10, 11, 13 to 18, One Shilling each day.

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY OF SKETCHES in OIL, from Subjects in "PUNCH," OPEN EVERY DAY, from Ten till Dusk, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly (will shortly close). Admission One Shilling.

EXHIBITION OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.—This beautiful Work of Art, which displays the plumage of the Bird equal to life, contains upwards of 10,000 separate coloured feathers, formed from malleable copper, and is pronounced by connoisseurs to be the wonder of the age. Exhibiting Daily at the BURLINGTON GALLERY, 19 PICCADILLY. Admission, 1s.; Friday, 2s. 6d.

BEDFORD'S PHOTOGRAPHS of the EAST, taken during the tour in which, by command, he accompanied H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in Egypt, the Holy Land, and Syria, Constantinople, the Mediterranean, Athens, &c. Exhibiting by permission, and names of subscribers received at the German Gallery, 160 New Bond Street, daily from 10 till dusk. Admission, 1s.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.—Members and Associates attending the Meeting at Cambridge on October 1, and following days, may obtain return tickets by the Great Eastern, Great Northern, and London & North-Western Railways, at a single fare, from Sept. 30 to Oct. 9, by application to G. C. LIVINGTON, Local Secretaries. N. M. FERRERS.

RAY SOCIETY.—The Annual General Meeting of the Ray Society will be held at Cambridge, on Friday next, October 3, 1862. H. T. STANTON, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL ASSOCIATION.—LIMITED. THIS ASSOCIATION, entirely conducted by Graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, SUPPLIES masters of schools and heads of families with TUTORS from those Universities. For particulars apply to the offices of the Company, 9 Pall Mall East, S.W. Office hours from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. E. B. LOMER, M.A., Secretary.

HORBURY HOUSE of MERCY, for the Recovery of Fallen Women and the Care of the Aged and Infirm.—The Foundation Stone of the New Buildings of this Institution was recently laid by the Lord Bishop of Ely, and Donations are earnestly solicited towards their completion. Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Rev. John Sharp, Horbury, near Wakefield.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D., Edin. The TURKISH BATH on the premises, under Dr. Lane's medical direction. Consultations in London at the City Turkish and Hydropathic Baths, 5 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between 1 and 4.

Nine Days' Sale of Books, Paintings, Works of Art, Musical and other Instruments, &c. MESSRS. DEBENHAM, STORR, & SONS beg to announce that their next Quarterly Sale of Select Property will commence at their Mart on Monday, October 6. Catalogues forwarded on application. King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. September 1862.

FOR SALE.—The Copyright, Stock, &c., of a Great Work of International Importance, issuing under royal and imperial patronage, and capable, with the machinery already prepared, of an enormous sale in England and France.—Address, in the first instance by letter only, to W. B. J. & Manchester Buildings, Westminster, S.W.

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OWEN'S COLLEGE, MANCHESTER (in connexion with the University of London). SESSION 1862-3. The COLLEGE will OPEN for the SESSION on Friday, Oct. 10, 1862. The Session will terminate in July, 1863.

Principal.—J. G. GREENWOOD, B.A. COURSES OF INSTRUCTION will be given in the following departments, viz.:—Classics; Comparative Grammar, English Language and Literature, Logic, and Mental and Moral Philosophy; Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry; Natural History (for this Session), Anatomy and Physiology of Man and of the Animal Kingdom; History, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy; Oriental Languages, French, and German.

The EVENING CLASSES, for persons not attending the Day Classes, will commence Oct. 18, 1862, and terminate May 1, 1863. Particulars of the Day and Evening Classes for the present Session will be found in Prospectuses, which may be obtained from Mr. Nicholson, the Registrar, at the College, Quay Street, Manchester. More detailed information as to the foundation of the College, the courses of study, the scholarships, and prizes offered for competition, and other matters in connexion with the College, is contained in the "Calendar," which may be had, price 2s. 6d., at the College; or from Messrs. Fowler & Sons, Bookellers, St. Ann's Square, where a syllabus of the Evening Classes, Lectures, &c., may also be had, price 3d.

Dinner will be provided within the College walls for such as may desire it. The Principal will attend at the College, for the purpose of admitting Students, on Tuesday, Oct. 7, and Wednesday, Oct. 8, from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. J. G. GREENWOOD, Principal. JOHN F. ASTON, Secretary to the Trustees.

EXAMINATIONS for SCIENCE CERTIFICATES of the Committee of Council on Education will take place at the Offices of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, on the days shown below. The examinations will last each day from 10 a.m. till 3 p.m., with one hour's intermission in the middle of the day, except on the days for Subject L, and Chemical Analysis.

Candidates for certificates who have registered their names must attend at 10 minutes before 10 a.m., at the Offices, South Kensington, on the day or days which are indicated for the subjects they wish to be examined in. Gaocep.

I. Practical Plane and Descriptive Geometry, Mechanical and Machine Drawing. Subject 1.—Monday, November 3. Subject 2.—Tuesday, November 4. Subject 3.—Wednesday, November 5. Subject 4.—Thursday, November 6. Subject 5.—Friday, November 7. II. Mechanical Physics. Subject 1.—Saturday, November 8. Subject 2.—Sunday, November 9. Subject 3.—Monday, November 10. Subject 4.—Tuesday, November 11. Subject 5.—Wednesday, November 12. Subject 6.—Thursday, November 13. Subject 7.—Friday, November 14. Subject 8.—Saturday, November 15. Subject 9.—Sunday, November 16. Subject 10.—Monday, November 17. Subject 11.—Tuesday, November 18. Subject 12.—Wednesday, November 19. Subject 13.—Thursday, November 20. Subject 14.—Friday, November 21. Subject 15.—Saturday, November 22. Subject 16.—Sunday, November 23. Subject 17.—Monday, November 24. Subject 18.—Tuesday, November 25. Subject 19.—Wednesday, November 26. Subject 20.—Thursday, November 27. Subject 21.—Friday, November 28. 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Subject 6

BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1837.
Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, 4 Viet. c. 9.
BRITANNIA MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION.
Empowered by Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.—1 Princes Street, Bank, London.
Chairman—Major-General ALEXANDER, Blackheath Park.
Every description of Life Assurance business transacted, with or without participation in profits.

EXTRACTS FROM TABLES.

Without Profits				With Profits			
Age	Half Premium	Whole Premium	Age	Annual Premium	Half Yearly Premium	Quarterly Premium	Quarterly Premium
20	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	30	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
25	1 1 9	2 3 6	35	2 7 3	1 4 3	0 12 3	0 12 3
30	2 18 4	3 10 0	40	3 10 0	1 10 0	0 12 4	0 12 4
35	3 2 8	4 5 0	45	4 10 0	2 10 0	0 12 5	0 12 5
40	3 6 8	5 13 4	50	5 10 0	2 10 0	0 12 6	0 12 6

ANDREW FRANCIS, Secretary.

THE LIVERPOOL and LONDON FIRE and LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY.
INVESTED FUNDS, £1,200,000.

London Board.
FREDERICK HARRISON, Esq., & WM. SCHOLEFIELD, Esq., M.P., Deputy-Chairmen.

John Addis, Esq.,
C. S. Butler, Esq., M.P.
Hugh C. E. Childers, Esq., M.P.
Sir William F. de Balth, Bart.
Henry V. East, Esq.
Edward Huggins, Esq.
John Laurie, Esq.

In 1862 the Duty on Fire Insurances in Great Britain paid to Government by this Company was £22,822, and in 1861 it was £21,833, being an increase in five years of £2,551.
In 1860 the Fire Premiums were £213,729; in 1861 they were £260,130, being an increase in one year of £46,405. The losses paid amount to £2,500,000, and all claims are settled with liberality and promptitude.
All Life Policies falling due at Michaelmas should be renewed on or before October 14.

JOHN ATKINS, Resident Secretary.

LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE and LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANIES.
FIRE CAPITAL, £1,000,000. LIFE CAPITAL, £100,000.
With Power to Increase.

LONDON, 73 and 74 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.
LIVERPOOL, MIDDLETON BUILDINGS, WATER STREET.
MANCHESTER, 24 PRINCESS STREET.

Board of Direction.

Chairman—F. W. Russell, Esq., M.P., Chairman of the National Discount Co., London.
Deputy Chairmen: (Fire)—Mr. Alderman Dakin (Dakin Brothers), London.
(Life)—J. H. Mackenzie, Esq., Temple, London.

Francis Braun, Esq. (Blessing, Braun & Co.), Liverpool.
G. B. Colchester, Esq. (Colchester & Woolner), London.
J. H. De Castro, Esq. (Carruthers, De Castro & Co.), Manchester and London.
D. N. Giannacopulo, Esq. (Giannacopulo & Cochillani), Liverpool.
Stephen Barker Gidley, Esq. (Gidley & Co.), Liverpool.
Mr. Alderman Hale (Warren & Sons), London.
Charles Joyce, Esq. (Charles Joyce & Co.), London.
George Kendall, Esq. (Kendall Brothers), Liverpool.
John Edward Nayler, Esq., Merchant, Liverpool.
Major John Gustavas Russell, 18 Cannon Street, London.
Lightly Simpson, Esq., Gower Street, Bedford Square, London.
Thomas Stanhouse, Esq., Merchant, London.

Directors of Fire Company only.

General Manager and Actuary—W. P. Clirehugh, Esq.
Consulting Actuary—Jenkin Jones, Esq.
Liverpool Secretary—James Edward Gale, Esq.
Manchester Local Superintendant—John N. Sale, Esq.
Banks: (Fire)—The Bank of London; Union Bank of Liverpool.
(Life)—The Alliance Bank of London and Liverpool, Limited.

Auditors.

* C. I. H. Allen, Esq., 42 Threadneedle Street, London.
* C. T. Parr, Esq., Messrs. Carlisle, Parr & Co., London.
* George F. Robinson, Esq., Director of the Alliance Bank of London and Liverpool, London.
* Harwood, W. Bannister, Esq., Accountant, Liverpool.
* Auditors of Fire Company. * Auditors of Life Company.
Solicitors: (London, Messrs. Paine & Layton.
(Liverpool, Messrs. Fletcher & Hull.
(Manchester, Messrs. Sale, Worthington, Shipman, & Seddon.

The two Companies are established under different deeds, and with separate capital; the advantage, therefore, of keeping the capital of each Company distinct is secured, whilst mutual benefit will be obtained by a unity of interest, and by the great saving of expense in consequence of the business of the two Companies being conducted in the same offices, and, as far as practicable, by the same management, and by the same machinery of agents.
Every description of HOME and FOREIGN Fire and Life Insurance business transacted at MODERATE RATES.
EIGHTY PER CENT. of the LIFE PROFITS RETURNED TO POLICY HOLDERS.
FOREIGN RESIDENCE AND TRAVELLING.—Liberal conditions, for particulars of which see Book of Prospects.
LOANS GRANTED ON PERSONAL SECURITY in connection with Life Policies.
BONUSES GIVEN TO FIRE POLICY HOLDERS at stated intervals.
PROMOTION and LIBERALITY in the settlement of Claims.
COMMISSION Allowed to Agents and others introducing business.
Prospectuses, containing full information, to be had on application.

METROPOLITAN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

3 Princes Street, Bank, London.
Established 1853.

Directors.

Daniel Burgess, Jun., Esq., Bristol.
Peter Cator, Esq.
James Dawson, Esq.
Francis J. Delafosse, Esq.
Francis Fox, Esq.
George Harker, Esq.
Fraser B. Henshaw, Esq.
Henry Kehel, Esq.
William J. Lecher, Esq.

Ex-Directors (by rotation).

Richard Fry, Esq., Liverpool.
William Grant, Esq., Portsmouth.
George Pearce, Esq.

ADVANTAGES OF ASSURING WITH THIS SOCIETY.

Economical management, no paid agents being employed, and no commission allowed.
The application of the whole of the profits to the reduction of the premiums of Members of five years' standing or upwards.
The guarantee of an accumulated fund exceeding £250,000.
A gross annual income exceeding £150,000.
During its existence the Society has paid in claims, without a single instance of dispute, £208,000.
And has returned to Members in reduction of their annual premiums £45,000.
The sums assured by existing policies exceed £3,200,000.
For the year ending April 4, 1863, an abatement has been declared at the rate of 50 per cent.
Prospectuses, Copies of Annual Accounts, and full particulars, may be obtained on application to
Sept. 1, 1862. HENRY MARSHALL, Actuary.

TO COUNTRY VISITORS.—A small but powerful Double

GLASS, alike serviceable at the Theatre, Exhibition, Races, or Sea-side, which may be worn round the neck as a pair of hand spectacles. A most acceptable present for country friends. Price 3s. At Casselman's, Optician, 24 New Bond Street, W., corner of Conduit Street. Post free on remittance. Sole Agent for the celebrated glasses by Volkmann, Vienna.

TO CONTINENTAL TRAVELLERS.—PASSPORTS and

VISÉS procured without personal attendance. Expense and trouble saved by applying to C. GOUDMAN'S Guide and Travelling Depot, 407 Strand, three doors east of the Adelphi Theatre.—N.B. Circular of Instructions post free.

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Copies of Mrs. Muller's "Science of Language," "Aids to Faith," Motley's "United Netherlands," "Lord Cranborne's Essay," "Mrs. Delany's Life," "Autobiography of Cornelia Knight," and many other Superior Books are now on Sale at very greatly Reduced Prices. Catalogues gratis.
Bull's Library, 19 Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

LANTWIT VARDRE COLLIERY COMPANY, LIMITED.—GUARANTEED DIVIDEND.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Directors of the above Company have entered into an arrangement with a Gentleman of great experience in South Wales, to manage the Company's operations at the Colliery; and he has undertaken to guarantee a dividend of 8 per cent. per annum the first year, and has lodged with the Company ample security to cover it.

By Order, E. NAINBY, Secretary.

LANTWIT VARDRE COLLIERY COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a considerable proportion of the Shares in the above Company being subscribed for, the allotment will take place on the 8th OCTOBER NEXT, by which date all applications must be sent in, either to the Bankers, Brokers, or Secretary.

By Order, E. NAINBY, Secretary.

LANTWIT VARDRE COLLIERY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Capital, £20,000, in 4,000 Shares of £5 each.
Deposits £10,000 on application, and £10 on allotment.

Registered pursuant to the 18th and 20th Vic., cap. 47, sec. 23; and managed in accordance with Table B. of the Joint Stock Companies' Acts—each subscriber's liability being strictly limited to the amount of his subscriptions.

Directors.

A. Catespine, Esq., 17 Gracechurch Street.
A. P. Clayton, Esq., Coombe Bank, Sevenoaks.
Lord H. Gordon, Chairman of the Wellington Assurance Company, Chatham Place, Blackfriars.

J. Hogwood, Esq., Albert Club, George Street, Hanover Square, and New House, St. Albans.
Colonel Wragge, Shooter's Hill, Woolwich.

Bankers.

Bankers.—Bank of London, Threadneedle Street.

Auditors.

To be elected by the Shareholders.

Brokers.

Messrs. Ross, Linsam, and Bedford, 4 Louthbury.

Secretary, pro tem.

Mr. Nainby.

Officers, pro tem.

4 Louthbury, near the Bank of England.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH-COAST RAILWAY.

Four per cent. Debenture Stock.—The Directors are prepared to receive APPLICATIONS for the ISSUE at par of the remainder of the Company's perpetual FOUR per cent. DEBENTURE STOCK, to be inscribed in the books of the Company without payment of stamp duty or other expense.

This Stock will have the same priority as the present Mortgage Debt.

The fixed dividend will commence on the day on which the money is paid to the Company's credit, and half-yearly interest to June 30 and December 31 in each year will be transmitted by warrants payable on these days respectively.

Forms of application for any amount of Stock (not being fractions of a pound) may be obtained from the undersigned.

London Bridge Railway Terminus. FREDERICK SLIGHT, Secretary.

GOOD INVESTMENTS.—CAPITALISTS may secure from

20 to 30 per cent. per annum in judiciously selected dividend Mines. Instances frequently occur of young Mines rising in value 1,000 or 2,000 per cent., but this class of security should only be purchased on the most reliable information. The undersigned devotes special attention to Mines, and will afford every information to capitalists, on personal application or by letter.

Now ready, BRITAIN'S METAL MINES, a complete Guide to their Laws, Usages, Localities, and Statistics. By J. H. P. Fyaz, 3 Finner's Court, Old Broad Street, London, E.C. Price 1s.; or free by post for 15 stamps.

TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM.—Sums of FIFTY

POUNDS TO TEN THOUSAND POUNDS may be INVESTED FOR SEVEN YEARS to pay the above interest, without partnership liability, and with less risk than any ordinary Joint Stock enterprise. Full particulars will be forwarded, postage free, to Gentlemen giving Banker's reference to A. G., Universal Advertising Office, 25 Brydges Street, Covent Garden.

DR. DE JONGH'S

(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)

LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,

prescribed by the most eminent Medical Men as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for

CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GENERAL

DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING,

AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Is incomparably superior to every other kind.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Sir HENRY MARSH, BART., M.D., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland.
"I consider Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

Dr. GRANVILLE, F.R.S., Author of "The Spas of Germany."

"Dr. Granville has found that Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil produces the desired effect in a shorter time than other kinds, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Oil."

Dr. LAWRENCE, Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

"I invariably prescribe Dr. de Jongh's Cod Liver Oil in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, and not a manufactured compound, in which the efficacy of this invaluable medicine is destroyed."

Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold only in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 6d.; Quarts, 8s.; and is bottled and labelled with his stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH THERE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINITY, by respectable Chemists and Druggists.

SOLE CONSIGNERS:

ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 77 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

CAUTION.—Beware of Proposed Substitutions.

A WHOLE life may be passed with scarcely a day of illness if

A PARR'S LIFE PILLS be used upon the first premonitory symptoms of functional derangement. They act as a mild and balsamic aperient, removing without the slightest pain or inconvenience all obstructions, and restore the whole system to a state of health and comfort. May be obtained of any Medicine Vendor, in boxes 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and in Family Packets, 11s. each.

TEETH and PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Messrs. LEWIN

MOSELY & SONS, 30 Fenchurch Street, Oxford Street, W., direct attention to their GUM-COLOURED ENAMELED CASES for Artificial Teeth, &c., specially commended at the International Exhibition, Class 17, No. 3,556. Teeth from 5s. Sets from Five Guineas. For the successful result and efficacy of their system, vide Lawet. Consultation free.

HIS HIGHNESS the VICEROY'S CANDLES.—Pure

Paraffin, 1s. 8d. per pound; City Sperm, 1s. 4d. per pound; Transparent Coloured Candles, 2s. per pound.
WHITBREAD & CHANDLER, Shippers and Contractors to H. M.'s Board of Works, &c. &c. 16 Bishopsgate Street Within, London.

SHERWOOD NIGHT LIGHTS, Sixpence a Box, are recom-

mended as being second only to "Price's Patent Child's"—BELMONT, Vauxhall.

PRICE'S GLYCERINE may be had from any Chemist in

1lb., 1lb., and 1s. Bottles; the stoppers of which are secured by a capsule lettered "PRICE'S PATENT."—BELMONT, Vauxhall, LONDON, S.

SIR JAMES MURRAY'S PATENT FLUID MAGNESIA,

CORRAL CALPHOR, and LEMON SYRUP. Bottles now double the size and effect. At all the chief Druggists, and the Works, 104 Strand, London; with Dispensing Jars and Books.

DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA has been,

during twenty-five years, emphatically sanctioned by the Medical Profession, and universally accepted by the public as the best Remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion, and as a Mild Aperient for delicate constitutions, more especially for Ladies and Children. It is prepared, in a state of perfect purity and uniform strength, only by DINNEFORD & CO., 172 New Bond Street, London, and sold by all respectable Chemists throughout the world.

KEATING'S PERSIAN INSECT-DESTROYING POWDER,

unrivalled in destroying Flies, Bugs, Flies, Beetles, Moths, and every species of Insect, and harmless to animal life. Sold in Packets, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each (1s. packets sent free by post for 14 stamps); by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, 79 St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

The Jurores of Class 3 have awarded a PRIZE MEDAL for the Superiority of the

GLENFIELD STARCH, Sold by all Grocers, Chandlers, Olives, &c.

(continued)

BAD BEGINNING; a Story of a French Marriage.
SMITH, KIMPE, & Co., 66 Cornhill.

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London: LONGMAN & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.—ADVERTISEMENTS for insertion in the forthcoming Number of the above Periodical must be forwarded to the Publisher by the 4th, and BILLS by the 8th of October.

JOHN MORRAY, Albemarle Street.

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